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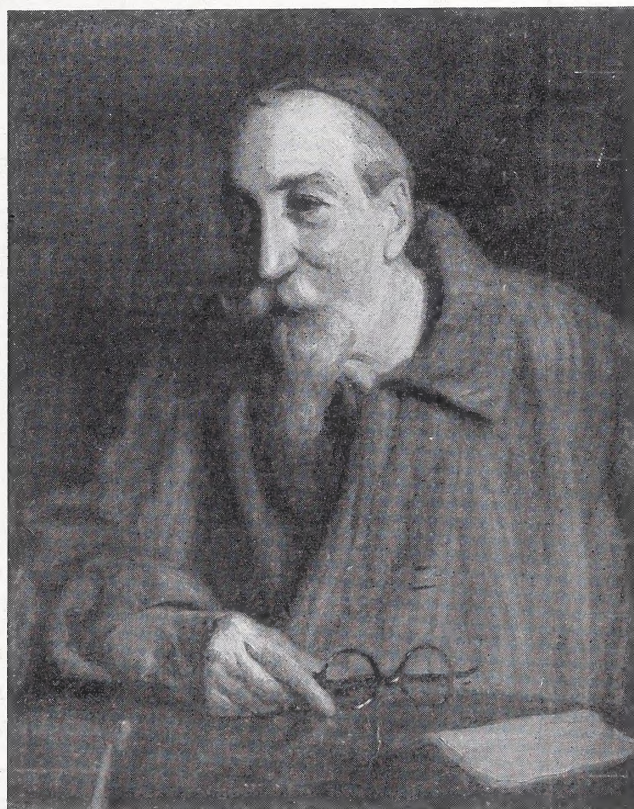
VOL. LXXIV

DECEMBER, 1921

No. 297

The INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

Reg. at U.S. Pat Off



MAÎTRE ANATOLE FRANCE
NOBEL PRIZE, 1921

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Entered as second-class matter March 1, 1897 at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879

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Etchings by David Neave, Harry Mosley and Arthur Heintzelmann.

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CHICAGO, ILL.

ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO
Nov. 21-Dec. 10. *Modern European and American Paintings by Forbes Watson.*

CINCINNATI, OHIO

CINCINNATI MUSEUM ASSOCIATION
Nov. to Dec. *Eleven Paintings, Rene Menard.*
Nov. 19-Dec. 4. *Duvenech Society Prints and Sculptures.*
Nov. 16-Dec. *Dutch Graphic Arts, Madonna and Saints, Viennese School; Fifteenth Century, and others.*

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INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
Dec. 3-Jan. 1. *Indiana Society of Architects.*

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

LOS ANGELES MUSEUM.
Nov. 14-Dec. 12. *Douglas Parshall, Bessie E. Hazen, Carl Oscar Borg.*
Dec. 12-Jan. 2. *Fifth Int. Photographic Salon.*

(Continued on page 15)

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EDITED BY GUY C. EGLINGTON

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NO. 297

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NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will always be glad to consider any articles, drawings, etc., that may be submitted to him for publication, and every effort will be made to return in due course rejected MSS., and all drawings, etc., rejected or accepted; but under no circumstances can he hold himself responsible for the safe custody or return thereof. Stamps for return should always be sent, and the name and address of the sender clearly written on every MS., drawing, etc.

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THE STUDIO CONSTANTLY RECEIVES INQUIRIES REGARDING ART SCHOOLS. FOR INSTANCE: SUMMER ART SCHOOLS ON THE COAST OF CANADA. ANOTHER INQUIRY: ART SCHOOLS NEAR MONTREAL.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS of the ART SCHOOLS with photographs of students' work for editorial use in the STUDIO are due.

IN AMERICAN MUSEUMS

BUFFALO, ALBRIGHT GALLERY.

The collection of works of art, owned by Mr. and Mrs. John J. Albright, was recently exhibited. Recorded in *Academy Notes* (July-December) are:

Stevenson Memorial, Abbott H. Thayer
Summer—Montclair, George Inness
Sheep, Evening, Anton Maure
George IV, Sir Thomas Lawrence
Portrait, Jean Jacques Henner
Lady Chambers, Sir Joshua Reynolds
View of Douai, Jean Baptiste Camille Corot
Vallée de la Touques, Constant Troyon
Forest of Fontainebleau,

Diaz de la Pena
 Boccacio, Diaz de la Pena
A Summer Day in Seville, Fortuny
Haymaking, L'Hermite
Water-colour, L'Hermite
Marine, Alfred Stevens
Interior, Josef Israels
Summer Pastoral, Horatio Walker
Oil Painting and Two Pastels, Tryon
Pastel and Silverpoint, T. W. Dewing
Holland Women, George Hitchcock
Water-colour, Alden Weir

CHICAGO, ART INSTITUTE.

GIFTS AND PURCHASES

A number of important gifts have recently been made to the Art Institute. George A. McKinlock has presented as a memorial to his son, George Alexander McKinlock, Jr., \$200,000 for building and embellishing the proposed terrace garden of the Museum. Joseph Winterbotham has given \$50,000 for paintings of foreign subjects by European artists and to eventually establish the Winterbotham Room; \$4,500 has been given by Charles D. Ettinger and his estate, and \$500 by the late Albert Stein.

The Chinese stone head illustrated on page 166 of the Bulletin, another similar head, and a wood Kuan Yin, with a group of drawings by Sargent, Puvis de Chavannes, Rodin, and Paul Thevanez, and a painting by Florence Koehler, all are the gift of Robert Al-lerton. Gracia M. F. Barnhart has given the painting *Duneland* by Frank Dudley; Albin Polasek, his bust of Charles L. Hutchinson; Wellington J. Reynolds, two miniatures; Robert Macbeth, a drawing by Homer D. Martin; the Arts Club, a drawing by Bert Elliot; David Adler, two drawings by Abram Poole; and Martin Roche, two drawings by Alfeo Faggi. A group of Dutch drawings, including the works of Israels, Maris, Kevers, Pieters, and others is the gift of Mrs. J. A. Edwards.



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The following purchases have been made: a Korean painting for the Nickerson Collection; two water colours from the international exhibition of water colours—*Shore Line* by Howard Giles secured from the C. E. Kremer Purchase Fund and *Prisoners of War* by William P. Welsh from the B. A. Eckhart Purchase Fund; eight original drawings by Meryon, and two drawings by Elmer Forsberg. A painting by Matisse has been purchased from the Winterbotham Fund. The Friends of American Art have added twenty-five drawings to their collection.

EXHIBITIONS

Dec. 17—Jan. 18, inclusive—(1) Annual Exhibition by the Chicago Chapter of the Wild Flower Preservation Society of America assisted by the Audubon Society and the Illinois State Microscopical Society. (2) Exhibition of the Friends of our Native Landscape. (3) Paintings by Herman Dudley Murphy; water colours and decorative landscapes by Nellie Littlehale Murphy. (4) Pastels by Ray Boynton. (5) Paintings by Leopold Seyffert. (6) Sculpture by Alfonso Iannelli. (7) Paintings of flowers.

Jan. 26—Feb. 28, inclusive—Twenty-sixth Annual Exhibition by Artists of Chicago and Vicinity.

Mar. 8—Apr. 5, inclusive—(1) Annual architectural exhibition. (2) Group of decorative paintings and sculpture. (3) Exhibition of French architectural drawings.

Apr. 15—May 15, inclusive—(1) Second International Exhibition of Water Colours. (2) Collection of modern drawings.

LECTURES

Dec. 2 Lecture: "Donatello." Lorado Taft.

Dec. 6 Lecture: "Architecture of Northern Spain." Thomas Eddy Tallmadge.

Dec. 9 Lecture: "Michael Angelo." Lorado Taft.

Dec. 13 Concert. By members of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

Dec. 16 Lecture: "Bernini and the Decadence." Lorado Taft.

CLEVELAND—KOREAN ART

During the month of September the Cleveland Museum of Art's collection of Korean art was shown in Gallery X. Fine painting, beautiful pottery, heavy and harmoniously wrought embroidery, and artistic metal work formed a pleasing ensemble.

And this ensemble convinced one of the importance of Korean art, a fact that comes to many visitors and students of art as a complete surprise.

That Korea had a national consciousness thoroughly developed when these objects of art were current, namely six

hundred years ago is obvious. She had a national art, though the influence of powerful neighbours must have been felt in every walk of life, and particularly in the field of art. And it would seem that she still has a glowing spark of national consciousness that may kindle her decadent art into renewed vitality and once more give to the world a unique national art which will be loved and admired by all.

A short time ago Dr. A. I. Ludlow came to America with a collection of Korean pottery which he had acquired during a long period of residence in Seoul. This collection was purchased by John L. Severance and presented to the Museum, thus augmenting the Museum's former collection of Korean pottery in such a way that one can now study to advantage various examples of all known types. For instance, one case can now be devoted to green glazed pottery, showing the "incised" pattern technique, another to the "inlaid" pattern technique, and another to "slip" decoration under the glaze; also a large case to white glazed pottery, showing various decorative techniques.

The Museum's former collection of Korean pottery forming part of The Worcester R. Warner Collection is the nucleus about which the Museum has built its Korean collection, and when placed on exhibition with the new gift from Mr. Severance we are able to show a complete range of Korean pottery during the best period, that is, from 920 to 1392 A. D. Prehistoric examples are not represented in the collection.

DETROIT

ACCESSIONS

<i>Home Fields,</i>	J. S. Sargent
<i>The Flower Girl,</i>	Helen M. Turner
<i>Les Gladiolles,</i>	Claude Monet
<i>Le Table de Thé,</i>	Henri le Sidaner

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

Bulletin No. 121 is one of an Architectural Series published by the University of Illinois. It is devoted to the Volute in architecture and is written by Rexford Newcomb. The illustrations and bibliography make it well worth acquiring. Price 45c.

LOS ANGELES

The Los Angeles Museum of History, Science and Art was established in 1910. The Art Department was established in 1913. It occupies a main gallery, 50x150 ft., and a small print room. Exhibitions in the gallery are changed monthly. In addition, the museum possesses a permanent collection, hung in the rotunda, composed of 28 paintings of contemporary American artists, the gift of Mr. and Mrs.

Wm. Preston Harrison. The following artists are represented: George Bellows, Frank W. Benson, Ernest L. Blumenschein, Wm. M. Chase, Charles C. Curran, Charles H. Davis, Ben Foster, Frederick C. Frieseke, Robt. Henri, W. Victor Higgins, Leon Kroll, Hayley Lever, Walter A. MacEwen, Gari Melchers, Lawton Parker, Grace Ravlin, Wm. Ritschel, Gardner Symons, Henry O. Tanner, Walter Ufer, Robert Vonnoh, Guy C. Wiggins and Cullen Yates.

The museum has in addition purchased several paintings, as follows:

The Cliff Dwellers, by George W. Bellows; *Down the River*, by Daniel Garber; *The Scarlet Necklace*, by Richard Miller; *The Land of Heart's Desire*, by Wm. Wendt; *Thoughts of the Sea*, by Wm. V. Cahill; *Boy With Cod*, by Armin Hansen.

The museum has also received through gifts the following paintings:

An oil painting by Carl Oscar Borg, *The Lone Rider*, donated by Paul R. Mabury; oil paintings by Shiyei Koto-ku, *The Afternoon*, donated by Mrs. G. O. Robinson; oil painting by Wm. Wendt, *The Mantle of Spring*, donated by the L. A. District Federation of Women's Clubs. Paintings in oil donated by the artists: *Near Point Joe*, *Monterey*, by Eugen Neuhaus; *California Wheat*, by Edward B. Butler; *Irene*, by Albert Rosenthal; *Blue Sea*, by George C. Stanson; *African Sheep*, by Gutzon Borglum. Paintings in oil donated by Capt. Russell Lloyd Jones, by Wm. J. Potter, *Sails Hoisted to Dry*; *Ostend, Belgium*; *Provincetown*; *Rocky Neck, Gloucester*.

Mr. Wallace L. DeWolf, of Pasadena, has given to the museum a collection of 64 etchings. A few of the names represented in this collection are as follows: Zorn, Seymour Haden, Whistler, Joseph Pennell, Alphonse Legros, Paul Helleu and Rembrandt.

A number of prints have been purchased from the International Print Exhibition, held annually, and among them occur prints by George Soper, Wm. Heintzleman, Jno. Winkler, Ralph Pearson, Frank Brangwyn, Joseph Pennell, Ernest Roth, J. F. Raffaelli, R. Steinen, Alfred Hartley and many others.

There are four annual exhibitions—the fall exhibition of the California Art Club, the annual exhibition of the Camera Pictorialists, the International Print Exhibition, and the spring exhibition of the Painters and Sculptors of Southern California. Exhibitions of the work of artists from the East and one-man shows are held whenever they are available.

The Los Angeles Museum has a large loan collection of Chinese porcelains loaned by Mr. A. Burlingame Johnson.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

ACCESSIONS

Portrait of a Man, Attd. Salvator Rosa, 1615-1673

Lake Maggiore, Sanford R. Gifford, Am. 1823-1880

Pasture Scene, James M. Hart, XIX Cent. Am.

Gentleman and a Lady Making Music, J. G. Brown, Am. 1831-1913

The Trout Pool, Worthing Whittredge, Am. 1820-1910

LECTURES AND STUDY HOURS.

Arthur Gillender Lectures.

Mar. 19. Designing and Making Dishes.

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Apr. 2. Designing and Making Silver. By Lionel Mos.

Apr. 16. Designing and Arranging the Home. By R. Clipston Sturgis.

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Group 3. Four Fridays, 9-10 a. m., Oct. 14, 21, 28, and Nov. 4.

MUSEUM AND PUBLIC SCHOOL CO-OPERATION.*

About a year and one-half ago, Henry W. Kent, Secretary of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and Director of its Educational Department, W. H. Fox, Director of the Brooklyn Museum, Dr. Gustave Straubenmüller, Associate Superintendent of Schools in New York City, and myself held a conference to formulate a plan of co-operation between the art museums of New York City and its elementary schools. Not that co-operation between the museums and the schools was altogether lacking before this meeting took place; there was co-operation, but only with those schools that were fortunately situated near the museums. . . . If co-operation with the museums was worth while in twenty of our schools, it should be equally valuable for the remaining five hundred and eighty, and it was to devise, if possible, a workable plan whereby co-operation with all schools might result, that the meeting of which I spoke was called.

The plan, as agreed to, has been in operation now for about a year and one-half, and one hundred and twenty-five schools have taken part in the work. These schools are distributed widely over the entire city, some of

* Extracts from a paper by Frank H. Collins, the Director of Drawing in the Elementary Schools of New York City, which was read at the annual meeting of the American Association of Museums held in Cleveland, Ohio, in May, 1921.



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them being situated in the districts farthest away. . .

The plan is, in short, this: Through the aid of a lantern and a story, with perhaps a short talk coupled with the story, to present to the assembled sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth year pupils a pictorial display of historic examples of art.

The purpose of the plan is to develop an appreciation of what art means, an appreciation of the relationship of art to life. To give instruction in the history of art is not its purpose, although a fairly good knowledge of such history will result from taking the course. But children are not interested in art. Why should they be? Pictures interest them, however, and they are always ready to listen to a story. And it is the story that awakens interest, first in the pictures and then in their significance. The story is, in short, the device which "turns the trick" or it is, in other words, the medium through which the desired results are obtained.

The pictures are really the sum and substance of the plan. They are its beginning, and its end, and furthermore, the plan will hardly prove successful in its operation if the pictures are soon forgotten by the pupils. A hazy remembrance of them is not enough; they must be clearly engraved upon the minds of the children if a knowledge of what they stand for is to be of service when the time comes when such service will be appreciated; that is, after they have grown both in years and experience.

To aid in fixing the pictures in the minds of the pupils, it is planned to furnish the children—not gratis, but for a few pennies—with small reproductions of the pictures shown on the screen. These reproductions are pupils will, when convenient to do so, perhaps at home, paste in blank books in proper relationship to each other. .

To define clearly the mode of operation of the plan, suppose the month's lecture, talk, or story, whatever the teacher may choose to call it, is on the subject of Greek art. A story may start the exercises and its subject may be one of the many interesting Greek legends, or in place of a story, a description may be given of how boys and girls lived in ancient Athens. As the story progresses, pictures of typical examples of Greek art are thrown upon the screen as illustrative material. The average number of pictures shown during each exercise is twenty-five.

The plan is designed to cover a period of four years, and if it runs smoothly will consist of thirty-two separate talks, which allows for eight talks per year, or one talk per month, beginning in October and ending in May. The subject matter of the series begins with Egyptian art. The talk to be given this month, the last for the year, will be on Byzantine art. The talk for next October will probably be on the art of the Italian Renaissance, while the last talk of the series, at the end of the fourth year, will be on present-day art.

So much for the plan in the rough. Its detailed workings are as follows: The principal of each school taking part in the work first assigns one of his regular staff teachers to take charge of and present the work in his school. This teacher, on the second Monday in each month, goes to either the Metropolitan or the Brooklyn Museum, whichever one happens to be the nearer, and there receives, between three and five o'clock, instruction on how the work should be presented in her school from an instructor furnished by the museum. This instructor demonstrates, by doing, how the work may be done in the formal class or assembly room. She uses a class of children for demonstrative purposes. Her remarks are addressed to the children. This demonstration occupies about forty minutes, the time which is to be given to the work in the schools.

After the demonstration, questions from the teachers are in order, and a typewritten synopsis of what the museum instructor had to say is given to each teacher. The slides, lent and furnished by the museum, which the class teachers are to use to illustrate their talks, are then distributed. They are made up in sets and placed in contain-

ers which are commonly used for this purpose. They are then started on their route by the teacher from the school which comes first in a plan or group of schools which use the same slide set. These slides are, of course, duplicates of the slides used by the museum instructor.

It has been found, depending on the distance the schools are from each other, that one set of slides may suffice for seven schools during a month, which means that each school may retain the slides three days, when they must be sent to the next school, as planned in the schedule. The school using the slides last must return them to the museum whence they came, on the date of the next meeting.

I must insert here the information that the plan includes a visit to the galleries of the museum after each talk is given, that visiting teachers may view, if possible, the originals of the pictures which were thrown on the screen. It would be, of course, of superior value if the children for whose instruction the lectures are designed, could visit the museum and see the originals of the pictures shown them, but this cannot be. . .

The next step in the plan is for the teachers to give in their schools what they received at the museum. . . It may prove of interest to know how many pupils are reached by this work. The number is about 65,000. The number of schools engaged in the work at the present writing is 125. These figures are not large compared with the number of pupils in the New York elementary schools, which number is approximately 750,000, while the number of elementary school buildings is 601. . . .

It may seem to some of you that the activity here described is not legitimately museum work. Why not keep such work entirely within the sphere of the public schools, you may ask. Why cannot the same results be accomplished if the series of talks, as here outlined, was planned by the Art Department of the schools? Why make it the work of the museum and again why not have the subjects of the slides emanate from the office of the Director of Art in the Public Schools? No. The subject is altogether too big to be handled exclusively by any public school official or a body of such officials. School people are a busy lot, and just because of the many activities in which they are engaged, their outlook is apt to be restricted. . . . The course or direction of such an activity as I have outlined must have for its guide one who lives the life. This guide should not be a school man. The fact that the activity, as we present it, emanates

(Continued on page 13)

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DECEMBER, 1921

A Small Plea

PERHAPS it is not a small thing that I am asking after all. It may be that I am a Utopian, like H. G. Wells. Perish the thought! Yet when I pick up the November issue of the American Magazine of Art and read the editorial entitled, "High Standard or the Open Door," I begin to wonder. . . .

My plea is for a little—just a little—thought. The kind of thinking a scientist does when, in his first chapter, he defines the term that he will use most frequently. Words like "good art," "bad art," "craft," "ideals," "ennoble," and above all, "*Beauty*."

"We may be very sure," runs the editorial, "that art that does not *uplift and ennoble* is not good, and that which does is . . . What more can art do for us than awaken our perception of beauty and quicken our appreciation of *beautiful things*? *This, indeed, is the test*. Art which does not ennoble, does not broaden the vision and make life more worthwhile, is inferior, to say the least . . .

"Art and beauty are inseparable. Craft which gives itself to the interpretation of coarseness, vulgarity, deformity, ugliness of an offensive kind, is the enemy of art . . ."

Superficially all this is very plausible, but the fallacy becomes apparent when we come to the words "our appreciation of beautiful things." Our writer is laying stress on the one inessential element in a work of art, the *subject*. Because we do not live with works of art, but visit them in museums "upon occasion, by appointment made," we have come to endow the *subject* with an importance which it has

never possessed. If we had lived with the works in praise so ineptly, we would know that after a very short space of time the subject fades. As we grow familiar with an object the characteristics which first attracted us, the scene, if it be a landscape, the head, if it be a portrait, are no longer seen. We are left with an essay in abstract design, an arrangement of masses. On this abstract quality of form the ultimate fate of a work of art depends. The subject be it never so lofty, be the objects depicted in themselves never so beautiful, cannot save it if the fundamental structure is unsound. Nor, to reverse the process, will an unsavoury subject militate against the life of a great work of art.

The service which the subject performs is that of a bridge. The presence of recognizable objects in a picture attracts and charms the eye which would be repelled at the outset by an abstract presentation of the same objects. But the answer to the famous riddle is still the same. The chicken crosses the road to get to the other side.

Perhaps, too, the *subject* has another function. Continual preoccupation with abstraction might blind the artist to the triumphs and tragedies of mankind.

But the main thesis holds. The magnificent El Greco reproduced opposite is a great work of art, not because it is a masterly delineation of Saint Peter, but because, in the words of Marsden Hartley, "it moves toward its design, it is lifted by the quality of its organization into spaces in which it is free to carry on the fine illusion of life."



Courtesy The Metropolitan Museum

ROARING
FORTIES

FREDERICK J.
WAUGH

The Many-sided Waugh

THE MANY-SIDED WAUGH
BY HENRY RANKIN POORE

I KNOW of no one in American art whose spirit seems to link up with the worthies of the Renaissance in a more natural and unaffected way than Frederick J. Waugh.

With him art signifies creation—not in any particular form, but as though it were the harp of Aeolus obedient to every mood and as ready to respond to a breath with some dainty bit out of fairyland as to a blast in the roar and turmoil of old Ocean, or yet again as an inspiration for some record in brass or iron, fashioned with curious care, or a work in plastic or hammered silver, or again a problem in colour or cubism, or illustrations perhaps, for the nursery or battle scenes for the weeklies.

Mr. Waugh's re-entrance into American art after a foreign residence of sixteen years was made with two marines sent to the Fall Academy of 1907. These pictures received so pronounced a welcome that he accepted the popular voice proclaiming him a master of this subject. The dealers wanted no other.

To his intimates, however, Mr. Waugh was willing from time to time to reveal other phases of his creative ability and met their surprised demand for publicity for these with a reply which has kept them from the exhibitions for these past years: "I'm not ready yet. When the time is ripe I will let them out."

In a former age the freedom of the Humanists with its absence of that caution which later has forced the specialist upon civilization, stood ready with a crown for expression in any direction. He who could plan a building, model a vase, carve a statue, and paint a picture was, on four counts, a greater artist than he who could do but one of these things. The later centuries, however, have seen to this. The painter who writes poetry has it doubted by the artists; the critics acclaiming his literature, doubt his painting! The "specialist" in art seems to have come in at about the time Pope began to feel

"One task is for one genius fit,

So broad is art, so narrow human wit."

In these repressive days, an artist of the

da Vinci type, therefore, must cover all but one port-hole of his citadel and do his shooting from that.

Frederick Judd Waugh is the son of a portrait painter, well known and patronized in Philadelphia from the later period of Sully, whose friend he was, to the date of his death in 1884. The son naturally took to figure painting and at an early age produced commendable portraits, but being an ardent nature lover he soon broke with the restraints of the studio and entered the field of landscape. Here his natural ability as a draughtsman made it easy for him to reproduce every fact that came before his vision and his work very shortly bore a strong resemblance, in its careful detail, to that of William T. Richards.

The ardour of his study soon freed him from the control by Nature which many artists never resent. It was not because, as with Turner, "Nature put him out"; but that he had learned her so well as to be able to draw upon his stored knowledge. Shortly, therefore, after this student period of rigid study of landscape, he found himself equipped to enter Fairyland as a subject. He relied for his compositions upon the dreams which came with such consistent regularity that they gave him not only material, but in repetition supplied the emphasis that allowed a choice between such changes as all dreams develop. The writer has seen some of these large dream pictures, highly finished and very beautiful in design and colour, change from day to day as with the chance turning of the kaleidoscope. Fairies, angels, goblins and wizards upon land and mermaids and nereids in the labyrinths of the sea came and went upon his canvases as though with no other purpose than to amuse the painter and his immediate circle of intimates. Few unfortunately of these clever pictures remain.

With a portrait now and then to keep the pot boiling, why should not a budding genius give play to his imagination? And so the elder Waugh never discouraged the younger in the exercise of this simon-pure diversion.

It was not until the serious look of things which comes in taking on a wife confronted him that young Waugh became practical, and, cutting loose from the parental mansion in

The Many-sided Waugh

West Philadelphia, he sailed away for Europe. Trying Edinburgh and London for a little the pair finally settled in Paris. Here with the convenience of a studio and models, a number of figure pictures were produced, a period expressing the evident influence of Dagnan-Bouveret. At the suggestion of friends the island of Sark, one of the Channel group, was visited for a summer outing which, on sight, so captivated the artist that he threw up his lease in Paris and remained here for two years. The daily observation of this outlook for that lengthened period confirmed for him every phase of the changeful subject and proved the turning influence in the choice of one of many types of expression. For marine painting has always meant realism, an ardent copying of a protean surface, so elusive as to baffle any but a real student, and with no escape from logical fact, cause and effect being co-ordinate and

hence with no side door for experiment or indecision.

Meanwhile, between the Sark experience and his return home, much awaited him in England. Going first to Cornwall he made good at the painters' colony of St. Ives, producing here, besides a picture for the Royal Academy, much work in water colour; themes with which the fishing villages abounded, herring boats, wharves, cottages, ships at anchor, and the lanes and by-paths of these topsy-turvy coast hamlets. When the shut-in days of winter came on, a dreary outlook was enlivened by the old imaginative themes of long ago, and quite to the surprise of his English friends he lined his studio walls with mediæval and classical subjects; drawings, aquarelles, and important canvases in oil. With one of these he made his *debut* at the Royal Academy, a picture sold on the opening day and well



A NIGHT SORTIE
FROM LADYSMITH

BOER-WAR DRAWING
BY F. J. WAUGH



SCONCE IN
REPOUSSE' COPPER

FREDERICK J.
WAUGH

The Many-sided Waugh



Courtesy Macbeth Gallery

WILD COAST

FREDERICK J. WAUGH

remembered by the jury, which passed his picture on the following year, and with the same success. In fact, every picture sent to the Royal for the following ten years was sold. With one exception, these were figure subjects; the exception, *From the Cliffs*, a large marine.

Shunning the allurements of London for a time, Mr. and Mrs. Waugh and their two children located in Leighton-Buzzard where the town hall was offered the painter for a studio. Its accommodations stimulated conceptions in large size and enabled him to get the required range from his models. When Court sat, the artist covered his canvases and swept his belongings into a corner. His smaller workshop was then available, and here he devoted his spare time to repoussé designs in brass and

copper.

When, after a three years' sojourn in this town of Bedfordshire, he finally made the acquaintance of the publisher Alfred Harmsworth, the present Lord Northcliffe, through some elaborate designs of old British legends, he was urged to take a studio and locate in London. Here he signed a contract for magazine work on a salary and for a time the game of chance as to an artist's livelihood was ended. But Harmsworth soon found a rival for his new man in the London "Graphic," which offered the illustrator double the amount. At this time the Boer war was on, the sketches by artists and officers at the front being rehandled by Waugh. When no sketches came in, telegraphic description was all the data he needed for his series of spirited battle pictures. In



THE BLUE
CASCADE

OIL PAINTING
BY F. J. WAUGH

The Many-sided Waugh

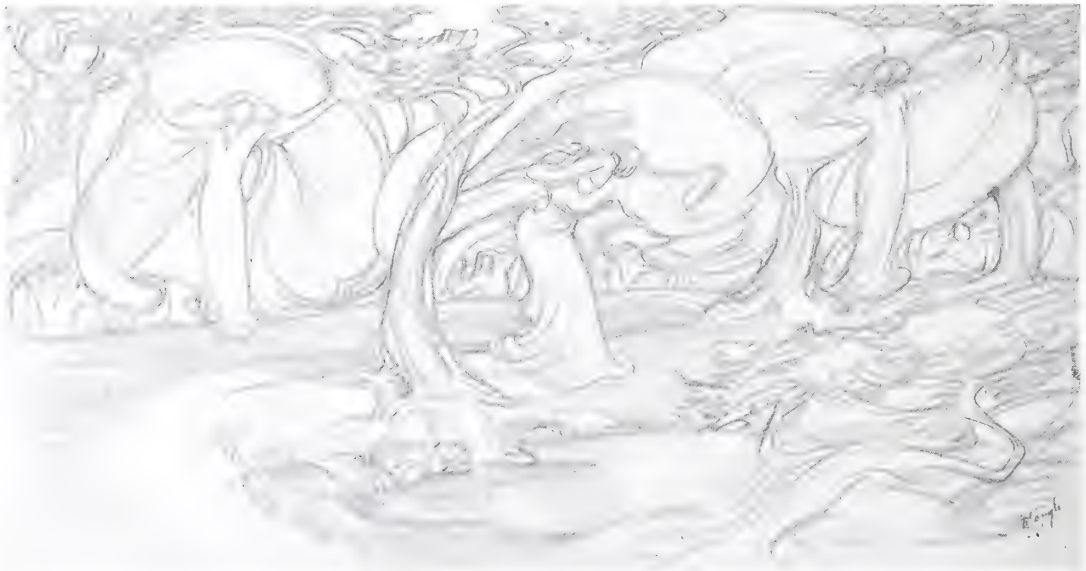
time, though the Harmsworth interests lost their illustrator for pictorial work, they made use of his talents as a painter, a life-sized oil portrait of the three children of one brother and miniatures of other members of the family being ordered. Reminded of his repoussé work, Cecil Harmsworth suggested as a present for Lord Northcliffe a silver cigar basket. This required ninety ounces of silver, the cedar box which it held measuring six by fourteen inches. For six weeks Waugh worked with his accustomed diligence at this, averaging sixteen hours a day. Top and sides were covered with designs exploiting the achievements or the diversions of the senior member of the firm: The "Daily Mail" train, an enterprise which put the Harmsworth publications upon the tables of Northern England hours ahead of other newspapers, Lord Northcliffe as an angler, the Harmsworth Building in London, and a medallion of its proprietor. The decorative design which connected these panels was Gothic, of rare beauty.

Returning to America, New York was selected for headquarters, though very shortly a farm in the Berkshires was purchased for his real anchorage and this he has looked upon as quite as much a subject for art effort as

any surface of canvas or silver. With his own hand he has refashioned the ancient dwelling and out-houses, directing the labourers of the countryside when parts might be entrusted to them, but saving such problems as winding stair-cases, balconies and mantels as problems to his own inventive genius. Even a stone bridge has been built with every cobble laid by himself.

From this unique refuge in the hills an annual trip is made to the shore where a few weeks are sufficient to put the salt savour into his paint for another twelvemonth.

It was at Monehegan that the old love of fairies and goblins found recrudescence in what was discovered in the spruce forest of the Island. Roots of trees gnarled and twisted by winds and moisture he discovered in profusion, suggesting the elves and gnomes of his earlier imagination. Accustomed all his life to the writing of stories, first prompted by the demands of his own children, he soon conceived these characters all fitted to a narrative as ingenious in its conception as the fantastic figures which he was able to develop. These he named "Munes" in contradistinction to the "Immunes" which are also comprehended in the story. Twenty-six large drawings illus-



DECORATIVE CONCEPTION

F. J. WAUGH

The Many-sided Waugh



TRIAL DRAWING
OF MUNES

FREDERICK J.
WAUGH

trated the book, a work which the publisher has discovered interests artists and adults quite as much as the children. In line and occasionally in design one is frequently reminded of the great Dürer, therein differing materially from other examples of his art for children. His crowning effort as a delight-maker for childhood is a miniature Norman castle constructed of wood and stone and cardboard, on which in his spare moments he worked for months when in England as a Christmas surprise for his little son and daughter. This was fitted with drawbridge, moat, donjon tower, prison, etc., and instead of now being delegated to a loft in one of his studios, should have a place in a museum of antiquity.

It would be strange if to so versatile a mind the modern tendency should make no appeal, and so Waugh too has taken his plunge in the new thought wave; but in scraping the bottom he picked up pearls and not pebbles or slime. Of a dozen thoughtful canvases done in this vein, that of a book shop, wherein the

beholder looks down upon several balconies and winding staircases, is perhaps the most ingenious, both for illusiveness and the final rewards to our searching. His designs in the post-impressionistic formula spring from a prompting to express rhythm and a harmony of space co-ordination, and if natural fact interferes with this, it is somewhat brusquely fitted in. He finds no possible use for ugliness nor distortion.

His knowledge of sea craft and ready invention made him a most valuable assistant in the bureau of camouflage where, to use the words of Everett L. Warner, head of the bureau, he was our best "pinch hitter."

"When we had a sudden call for a ship and it was necessary to send out a design in great haste, the experimental model was generally turned over to Waugh as the man most certain to get results in the shortest space of time. While several of the other designers produced work fully equal to his, he was easily the most rapid worker of them all and quite a large per-



THE WOOING
OF AYATINGA

FREDERICK J.
WAUGH

The Many-sided Waugh



INDIAN LEGEND
(BYSTANDER, MARCH 22, '04)

FREDERICK J.
WAUGH

centage of the designs used were from his brush. One of the most characteristic was the U. S. S. Proteus which became one of the show pieces in our demonstrating theatre when we had distinguished visitors to the camouflage section."

Last year his desire to paint the tropical seas was at length gratified and his strong feeling for colour given ample range as was proved in the splendid exhibition at the Macbeth Gallery in November of this year.

At Demorara, Trinidad, Barbados, he secured a hundred or more colour studies from memory notes, large work in the open being almost impossible owing to the strength of the never-failing trade winds.

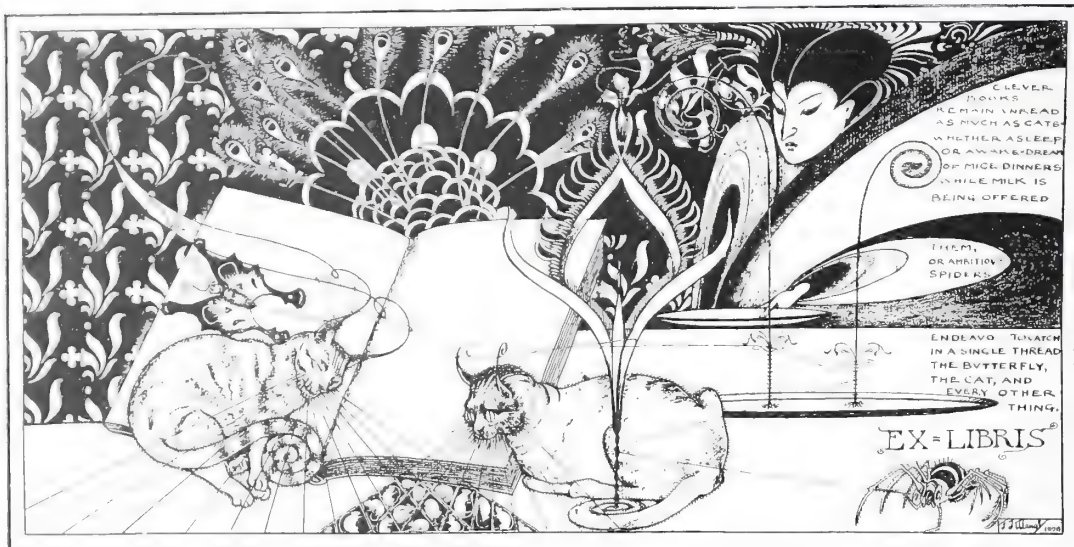
From this mass of material the Macbeth exhibition was made up, months after, in his inland studio. For freshness of colour and directness and confidence of attack the result through this means seems even more satisfactory than by setting down the facts of an ever-changing subject in nature's presence.

His love for colour has always been paramount and this has never been allowed free course in marine. At last, in the tropics it has had partial vent, the greens, violets and deep blues, though he confesses quite beyond the

reach of his palette, gave him at least a chance to tune his instrument to concert pitch. The palm trees springing from the sea-washed shore, the jungle's tangle through which we glimpse the dancing forms cresting white against a depth of blue and turquoise speak plainly of a painter's delight and he takes us with him, leading us through and around them with no uncertain gesture.

As a great painter of marine Waugh, however, requires a large canvas. He cannot quite get it all out on small size and so we turn from these joyous impressions of a place where we would like to be toward those places where with strange longing it is scarce safe to go with him—to the great deep and its vast upheaval of waters or to the giant cliff-sides where the breakers come smashing in with the whole Atlantic behind them and plainly call us to beware; vengeful, seething, tireless, determined, wearing the earth away bit by bit and leaving us with the impression that if Waugh could have his way and the sea its time in eventual ages the land would fail in its resistance, helpless in the onslaughts of a tireless foe, battered and worn and at last lie conquered, as when, in the twilight of creation, the waters covered the face of the earth.

The Many-sided Waugh



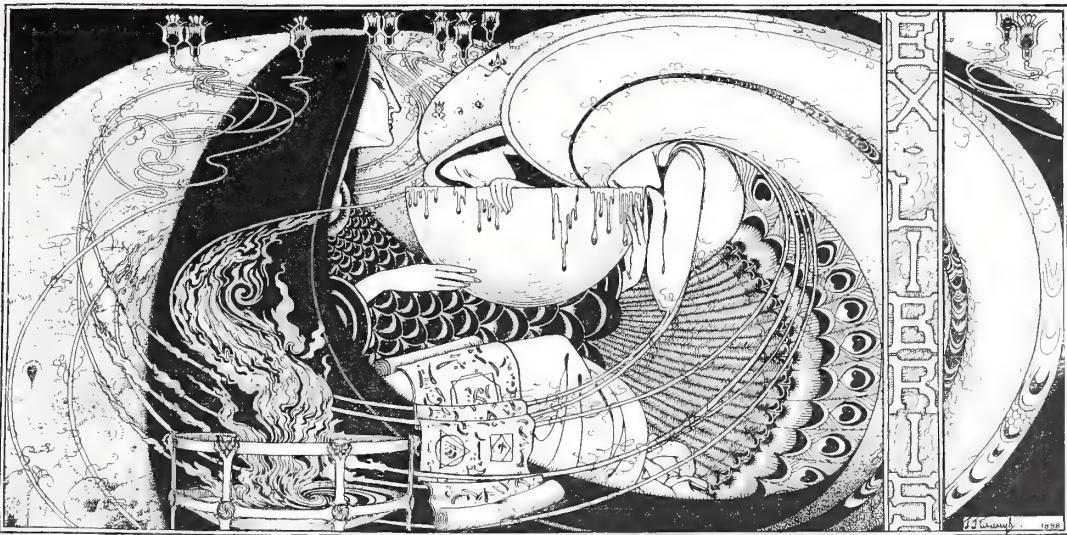
DESIGN FOR
BOOK-PLATE

FREDERICK J.
WAUGH

LIST OF WORKS BY FREDERICK J. WAUGH

<i>The Roaring Forties</i>	Metropolitan Museum	New York City
<i>Blue Gulf Stream</i>	Penn. Academy of Fine Arts	Philadelphia
<i>Forest of Fontainebleau</i>	Arts Club	Philadelphia
<i>Portrait of Mr. George M. Kendrick, Esq.</i>	Masonic Temple	Philadelphia
<i>Portrait of Edward Shippen, Esq.</i>	Arts Club	Philadelphia
<i>Portrait of Horatio Gates Jones, Esq.</i>	Welsh Society	
<i>Bronze Alto-relievo Portrait of Mr. Cramp</i>	Cramp's Shipyard	Philadelphia
<i>The Convoy</i>	Union League	Philadelphia
<i>Knight of the Holy Grail</i>	National Museum	Washington
<i>Two Sea-pictures</i>	National Museum	Washington
<i>Laying the Great Mine Barrage in the North Sea</i>	Navy Art Museum	Washington
<i>The Outer Reef</i>	Art Institute	Chicago
<i>Silver Casket in Repoussé</i>	Lord Northcliffe	London
<i>Miniature of Lord Northcliffe</i>	Lord Northcliffe	London
<i>The Great Deep</i>	Adolph Lewisohn, Esq.	New York City

The Many-sided Waugh



DESIGN FOR
BOOK-PLATE

FREDERICK J.
WAUGH

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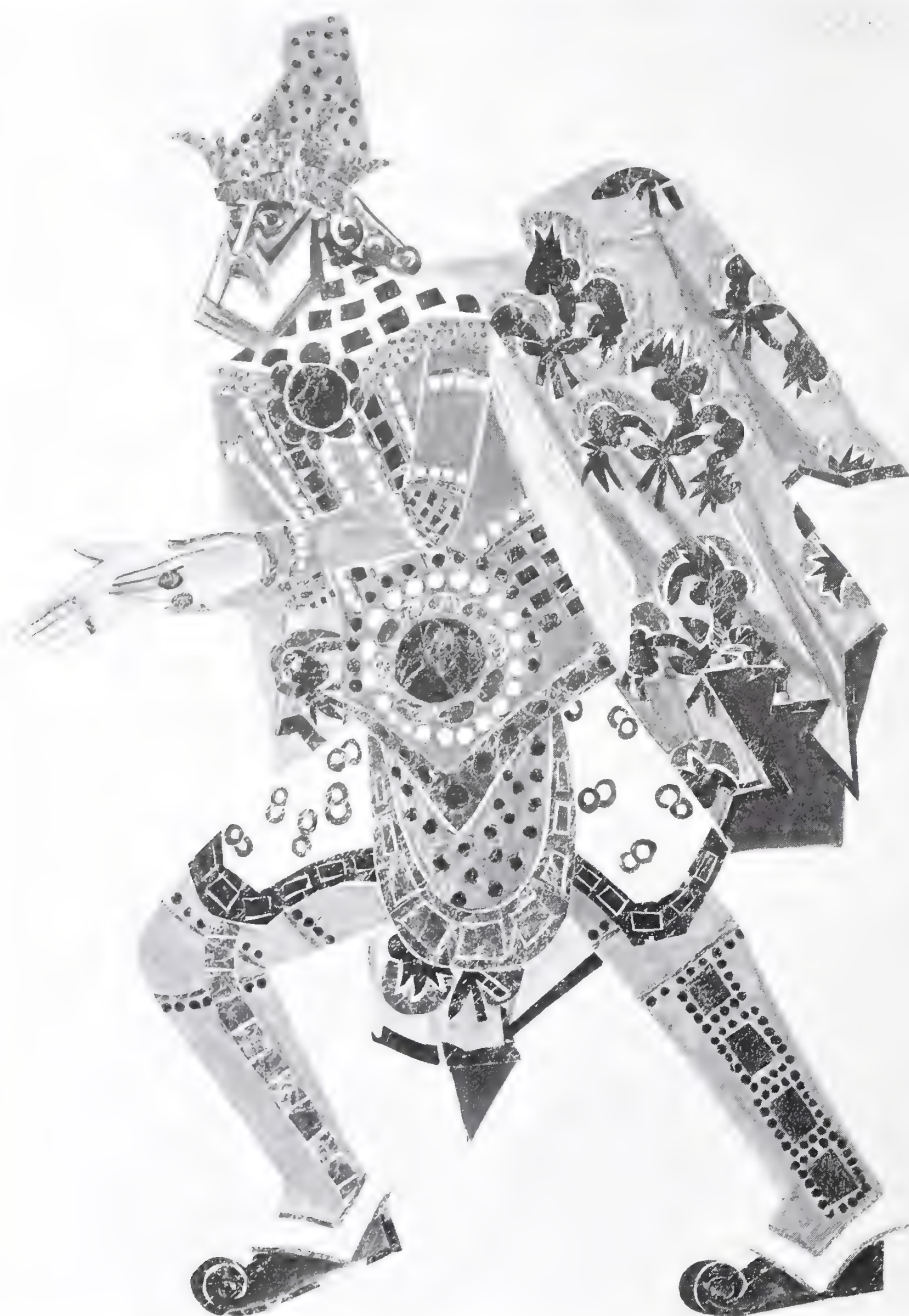
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COSTUME DE MAGE
(FROM LA LITURGIE)

NATALIA
GONTCHAROVA

The Russian Ballet in Retrospect



CURTAIN FOR
LA LITURGIE

NATALIA
GONTCHAROVA

THE RUSSIAN BALLET IN RETROSPECT BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON

La langue universelle rêvée par les utopistes, le ballet l'a réalisée.—GAUTIER.

To most minds the Ballet Russe, with its fanfare of colour and luxuriant creative fantasy, seemed at the outset an exotic affair, something foreign to the normal expression of the Slavic temperament. Familiar with the tendency painting of Vereshchagin, the subdued, penetrant analysis of Turgenev, and the periodic preachments of Tolstoy, we were unprepared for the chromatic richness and imaginative fervour of that series of spectacles, operatic and chorographic, which first unveiled their resplendent magic before West European eyes in Paris just fourteen seasons ago.

In point of fact, however, Russian opera as typified in Boris Godunov, Prince Igor, and Snegurochka, and the ballets of native

subject and inspiration, were the most essentially Slavic manifestation that had thus far come out of Russia. They were in every sense racial. They were distinct products of the national creative consciousness, and for the first time in the history of the stage, either in Russia or elsewhere, they combined on even terms the work of author, composer, and painter. It had in brief been reserved for the Slavs to introduce with these productions a new art form. And the rest of the world could only look on with admiration and eventually follow the same beckoning pathway.

Historically, the dance in Russia was accorded official recognition before painting, for while Anna Ivanovna opened the first ballet school in the Imperial Palace in 1737, it was not until twenty years later that the enlightened Elizabeth Petrovna founded the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts in the city by the Neva. For over a century and a half there was but scant change in the spirit and tech-

The Russian Ballet in Retrospect

nique of Russian stage dancing. As was the case with painting, sculpture, and architecture, the court especially favoured those artists who had come from foreign lands, from France, Italy, and elsewhere. Petrograd became a pretentious plagiarism of Paris and Rome, and empty academic formalism was preferred to an incomparably rich aesthetic patrimony which survived only in the provincial districts and the fertile fancy of obscure peasant craftsmen.

And yet, while Peter and Catherine might compel the great, bearded boyards to shave and don court dress, and could make of Peterhof a miniature Versailles, they were powerless to Europeanize the Slavs as a whole. The true race spirit persisted in the mystic saints and apostles of Byzantine church painting, in countless *ikoni*, naïve peasant toy, and bright-hued blouse and frock. The artificial ascendancy of Petrograd lasted until the closing

decades of the nineteenth century, when, owing to the efforts of a remarkable group of artists and art patrons, was brought about what may be called the Moscow Renaissance.

This movement, which enlisted among others the support of Princess Tenisheva, the wealthy merchant Mamontov, and such artists as Elena Polenova, Golovin, Maliutin, and Nicholas Roerich, was avowedly nationalistic in aim and purpose. It was a protest against the effete and emasculated traditionalism of court and academy. Following in the footsteps of Viktor Vasnetsov and Vrubel, they proceeded to revive the genuine Old Slavonic culture, and above all to give native effort a more decorative significance. Their activities embraced all forms of artistic endeavour, and it is due to their vision and energy that Russia was enabled to regain her rightful aesthetic heritage.

The private theatre of the Moscow merchant



SCENE FOR
LE BOUFFON

MIKHAIL
LARIONOV



The International
Studio

COSTUME FOR PETROUSHKA
DESIGNED BY A. BENOIS



*The International
Studio*

COSTUME FOR "THE MOOR"—
PETROUSHKA—BY A. BENOIS



COSTUME FOR
THE OLD BOUFFON

MIKHAIL
LARIONOV

The Russian Ballet in Retrospect

prince Mamontov, a veritable Muscovite Medici, was the actual birthplace of the new stage decoration in Russia. Mamontov engaged the services of artists of the very first rank to paint scenery for his productions. Here worked the inspired and ill-starred Vrubel, as well as Korovin, Golovin, and Serov. It was Vrubel who first directed attention to the stage as an appropriate medium for national artistic expression, and it was Vrubel's colleague, Alexander Golovin, whose Boris Godunov captured the imagination of the Parisian press and public in 1908.

While the contemporary Russian theatre drew its initial inspiration from historical and nationalistic sources, its more purely artistic possibilities were developed by that pioneer in latter-day stage *décor*, V. E. Meyerhold. In his dramatic productions at the Kommissar-zevsky Theatre, Meyerhold made the earliest attempts at conscious stylisation with his flat scenic effects heightened by vivid primary hues. Above all Meyerhold divined the superiority of decorative, as opposed to realistic

presentation. His successes in this direction, notable among which may be cited Boris Anisfeld's Marriage of Zobeide and similar offerings by Sudeykin and Sapunov, marked in fact an epoch in the evolution of the Russian stage.

The creation of a new æsthetic expression is not more—or less—than a question of substance and of form, of theme and treatment. In the case of Russia the subject-matter was found largely in popular tradition, in the writings of such men as Pushkin, Strovsky, etc., and in that wealth of Slavo-oriental fantasy which ever beckoned at the gates of the East. There were two ways in which this material could be placed before eye and ear, either objectively or subjectively, and the Slav inevitably chose the latter.

If certain of the earlier spectacles betrayed a touch of dry pedanticism, the same cannot be charged against the latter, in which passion and fancy gained undisputed ascendancy. The triumph of the Russians in their new-found field lay in their direct appeal to the feeling



VILLAGE OF THE BERENDEY
(SNEGUROCHKA, FIRST ACT)

NICHOLAS
ROERICH

The Russian Ballet in Retrospect



Courtesy Vogue

SNEGUROCHKA

NICHOLAS ROERICH

and imagination. One was powerless to resist the combined effect of the bold colour masses and broadly simplified forms which the exponents of the new stage decoration forthwith displayed at the Kommissarzhevsky, the Maryinsky, and the Imperial theatres and operas of Petrograd and Moscow.

The master magician who revealed the full possibilities of the Russian stage in its more intimate relation to literature, painting, and music, was Serge Diaghilev. If not precisely a discoverer, if one can point to his predecessors along various lines of activity, yet it was Diaghilev's genius for æsthetic synthesis which was responsible for results that far eclipsed all that went before. He it was who fused the several elements into a single, composite creation. He made of the Ballet Russe a living, artistic entity.

As founder of the review known as *Mir Iskusstva*, as organizer of the exhibition of Russian art at the Palais Tauride in 1905, and the successful display at the Grand Palais, Paris, the following year, Diaghilev possessed unique qualifications for the task in hand. Conversant with music, art, and literature, smiled upon by the court and nobility, and enjoying the confidence of the foremost painters of the day, he had, from the outset,

every factor in his favour. And yet despite all Diaghilev would have failed had he not possessed an innate genius for organization and an artistic instinct as responsive as it was accurate.

It was a privilege to watch Diaghilev conduct rehearsals during those memorable days when he was winning his early laurels. At Paris in 1909, and later in Rome, London, and New York, he revealed himself the same master of minutæ, the same seeker after broad, ensemble effects. The entire company as well as author, composer, and painter were as so much plastic material under the modeler's sure, sensitive fingers. Staging on an average of three new productions a season, he has placed to his credit works unique in their choregraphic perfection and general artistic significance.

Apart from the sheer pleasure derived from the Ballet Russe as a vehicle for such performers as Mordkin, Pavlowa, Nijinsky, and Karsavina, it is the ballet as a whole, as a unified and distinctive art form which here concerns us. Diaghilev's theory of combining the elements of music, dancing, and painting into a single organic expression was first put to somewhat tentative test. There was nothing revolutionary about *Le Pavillon de l'Armide*,

The Russian Ballet in Retrospect

while Scherezhazade, despite the *décor* of Bakst and a certain frankly sensuous appeal, was still traditional. Nor did *Les Sylphides*, *Le Spectre de la Rose*, and kindred offerings reminiscent, romantic, or lyric break fresh ground. Among the productions prior to *Petrushka*, only one, *L'Oiseau de Feu*, possessed that mysterious inner magic which transformed it into a living thing. Stravinsky's music, ideally visualised in the scenery and costumes of Golovin, made of this *conte chorégraphique* a rare and inspiring creation.

With *Petrushka*, first performed at the Châtelet in June, 1911, the Ballet Russe revealed its true destiny dramatically, musically, and pictorially. The work was Slavonic in conception, not an affair of mongrel parentage like so many of its predecessors. The four poignant, swift-moving *tableaux chorégraphiques* signalled a resolute reliance upon native theme—not the radiant dream kingdom of the Fire Bird, but the racy field of popular character and emotion.

Yet the pathway pointed by *Petrushka* was not consistently followed, for in *Le Dieu Bleu* and kindred concoctions Diaghilev went roving after strange gods. It was not, in fact, until the fundamentally original *Sacre du Printemps* by Roerich and Stravinsky that the Ballet Russe again became creative. The potent inter-action between composer and painter so happily exemplified in the *Oiseau de Feu* and *Petrushka* was even more effective in *Sacre du Printemps*, the visual appeal of which was immeasurably heightened by the setting of Roerich, than whom no one more convincingly leads us backward into that world of remote, paganistic imagery of which he is the acknowledged master.

While the contribution of Fokin and his fellow dancers and mimes was on a surpassing plane, and the music of Stravinsky was marking an epoch in orchestral composition, it was the work of the painters Serov, Golovin, Bakst, Benois, Roerich, and Boris Anisfeld that added chief lustre to the Ballet Russe. They were best when they were most frankly Russian, which may also be said of the newer spirit the Ballet assumed under the direction of Fokin's successor, the youthful Myassin.

It was Myassin's mission to endow the Ballet

Russe with a greater degree of dramatic coherence and an increased sense of plastic rhythm. The results he achieved in Larionov's *Soleil de Nuit* and *Contes Russes* amply justified Diaghilev's confidence in his abilities, for with these two spectacles begins a distinct advance in the evolution of the ballet as an independent art expression. With *Le Coq d'Or* of Goncharova and the two productions of Larionov already mentioned, modernism for the first time wins its place upon the contemporary stage. Effectively combining native inspiration as found in children's coloured toys, rural sign paintings, and the ever popular *fêtes foraines* with the latest phases of cubism, futurism, and rayonnism, these two artists have succeeded in giving the ballet fresh æsthetic appeal.

Goncharova's *Liturgie*, not yet presented, and Larionov's *Le Bouffon*, with music by Prokoviev, stamp their authors as veritable pioneers. The utmost brilliancy of tone united with the most vigorous simplification of form are the leading characteristics of their work. And not only are tone, line, and mass treated with primitive, almost heraldic boldness, but there are also present in these designs distinct suggestions of movement. This art is not alone polythematic, it is also polyrhythmic. The somewhat static mood of the earlier productions has here been supplemented by a species of plastic lyricism expressed in the sustained sequence of line, the balanced unity of mass, and full-bodied chorus of colour.

While much has been made of the work of Henri-Matisse, Picasso, Derain, and Sert for the later, more international aspects of the Ballet Russe, yet it cannot be conceded that they have contributed anything of primary importance. Individual as these men are in their particular province they have remained easel painters instead of becoming scenic decorators. Lacking the true instinct for the theatre, they have also proved deficient in that emotional content, that strange inner ecstasy which, with the Russian, transforms and illuminates all he touches. For in confronting any manifestation of Russian activity it must not be forgotten that the Slav looks to the passionate, subjective East, rather than to the ordered, objective West. He worships Dionysus, not Apollo.



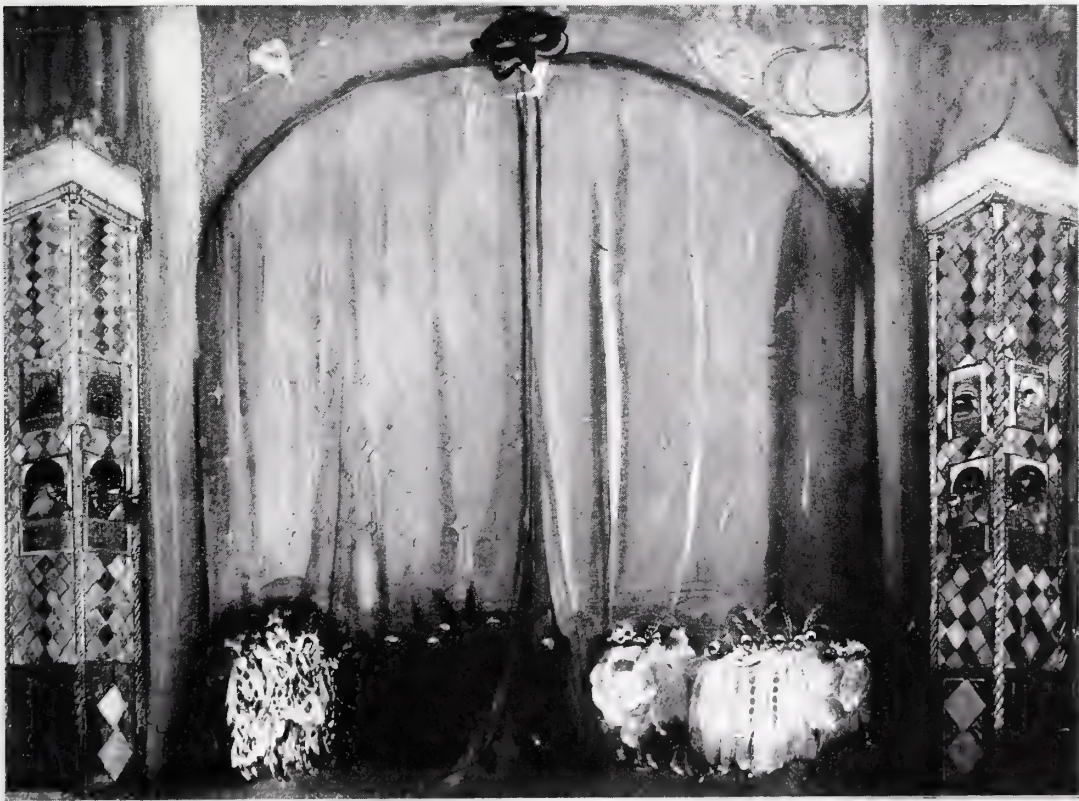
THE MOOR'S CELL—PETROUSHKA
DESIGN BY A. BENOIS

The Russian Ballet in Retrospect

Conscious that the Ballet Russe is a transitory apparition, the matter of a swift, concentrated impression, it is with gratitude that one welcomes its printed apotheosis in the pages of Mr. W. A. Propert's sumptuous work entitled *The Russian Ballet in Western Europe, 1909-1920*. Superbly illustrated in colour, with decorative embellishments by Goncharova, and a chapter on the music of the ballets by Eugene Goossens, the volume is in every respect worthy of its subject, the fitting record of an art form the significance of which is only beginning to be appreciated. The important thing about the Ballet Russe is that not only has it transformed stage presentation, but its influence is already flowing

back from the stage and adding intensified colour and the taste for decorative synthesis to various forms of artistic expression.

The present year bids fair to become a veritable *Saison Russe*, for in addition to the timely appearance of Mr. Propert's superb book on the Russian Ballet we have the rejuvenated Pavlowa Ballet with new scenery and costumes by Sudeykin and Remisov. There will also be three notable operatic productions, two by Boris Anisfeld, and one by Professor Roerich, as well as the important comprehensive exhibition of paintings and stage designs by Goncharova and Larionov which will be on view at the Kingore Galleries in January.



Courtesy Vogue

PROLOGUE FOR
THE LOVE OF THREE ORANGES

BORIS
ANISFELD

CXLIX



A CORNER IN CADIZ
(THE GREAT WAY, ACT III)

ERNEST
DE WEERTH

The American Artist and the Stage

THE AMERICAN ARTIST AND THE STAGE BY SHELDON CHENEY

THERE has been so much talk recently about the "new movement in the theatre," and about "art theatres" as distinguished from "commercial theatres," that one is constrained when writing of the progress of the stage to reaffirm occasionally that one sees the theatre as a whole, an indestructible theatre, with a history embracing many glorious periods of service, followed by periods of decadence and apparent death, but always followed again by rebirth to different glories. There is, in this sense, but one theatre, and that theatre the home of an art. And all talk about new movements and non-commercial playhouses resolves itself, in the larger perspective, to this: in a period like ours, which is near the bottom of a slope, there is a large group of workers (and exploiters) who are content to use this ancient institution idly, commercially, even viciously, while there is another group of workers who wish, by love and service, to restore it to a place of dignity and to make it expressive of the beauty that is distinctive of modern life. Labels like "the new movement" and "art theatre" are arbitrary and superficial, but perhaps they are useful and necessary if a critic wishes to distinguish the workers in the one group from those in the other—and harmless so long as he keeps the background figure in mind.

Jacques Copeau has suggested that instead of speaking of a new theatre we speak of the renovation of the theatre, a wise attitude that implies solid foundations under whatever structure may be raised in the name of the stage art of the future. In America we have been somewhat successful in removing the old dignified theatre, foundations and all; and in the so-called "new movement" we have been building, if not without foundation at all, at least with an eye to decorating the structure before we had raised it with due structural strength and "innards."

At any rate a survey of the American stage today reveals little evidence of progress toward a renovation except in one particular. It is not in playwriting, for it is evident that our

"best" dramatists are still busy trying to refine and re-polish Nineteenth Century realism. It is clearly not in acting, for if we have a little acting that is inspired or inspiring, it is almost lost in the vast swamp of acting that is merely adequate or "natural" or "pretty." The one direction in which real and indisputable progress has been made is in the mounting of plays, in what should be the last step in renewing stage art: the dressing up of the body of drama in clothes that are both appropriate and beautiful.

Ideally, the whole process of conceiving a play, writing it, and producing it before an audience, would flower almost simultaneously and out of a single creative flash of genius. But practically, and particularly in the complexity of modern life, this sort of creative unity is so rare as to be almost unknown, and the functions of playwright, producer, actor and scenic "decorator" are definitely separated. Of the lot, the decorators—unfortunately called that, since the word implies a plastering-on method—are today the most intelligent, the most efficient in craftsmanship, and the most forward-seeing group of workers in the American theatre.

There is plenty of evidence in a summary of the best productions of the last two seasons in New York's playhouses. The Theatre Guild, almost the only organization in America claiming the distinction of being a professional "art theatre" (and certainly justifying that claim more nearly than any other), has advanced the stage less in developing playwrights than in bettering standards of playmounting. It has even been reduced to confessing that in its three seasons of producing it could find only one American play worthy of production on its regular programs, whereas its series of stage settings, at first by Rollo Peters and for two years since by Lee Simonson, have been as finely workmanlike and eye-satisfying as the most enthusiastic proponent of the new stagecraft might ask. In the more commercial theatre, that most expert of all American producers, Arthur Hopkins, has given us, in his two most widely-known successes, "The Jest" and "Richard III," more to remember in the distinction of his own directing and the beauty of Robert Edmond Jones'

The American Artist and the Stage

settings and costumes than in the melodramatic and essentially false story of the one and the emasculated Shakespearean verse of the other.

In the current season, while the American playwright has been better represented, is it not true that Sidney Howard, the undoubtedly talented author of "Swords," hardly matched in skill the designer of his setting, and that Zoe Akins in "Daddy's Gone a-Hunting" left more to be desired in the shaping of her play than Jones did in the designing of its backgrounds? And what of "Don Juan," where the only thing acclaimed was Simonson's pageant of colour and design, or "The Claw," where a mechanical old French play is invested with some of the most tasteful and restrained settings of recent times? To understand the full measure of progress marked by these and similar productions, one should, I suppose, call back to mind the way in which they would have been mounted ten or twenty years ago: the painted perspective (never "right" from more than one point in the auditorium); the quaking canvas walls and wings; the muddy colours; the tawdry magnificence where a "spectacular" effect was wanted; the meticulous imitation, disconcerting in its very faithfulness, where a "natural" effect was desired. Out of that sort of artificiality and pretension we have made our way, even in second-rate commercial productions.

If the examples of betterment so far named have been the work of only two men, Robert Edmond Jones and Lee Simonson, it is not because there are no others to place beside them. Even Jones is matched in imaginative talent by two others who have worked occasionally in the professional theatres, Norman-Bel Geddes and Hermann Rosse, although they have done far less work for Broadway and perhaps have not Jones' unique balance of imagination and restraint. From the West the names of Sam Hume and Raymond Johnson justly claim recognition. Joseph Urban has been in this country so long that he is counted one of the group of American decorators, as is Willy Pogany. Then, too, Boris Anisfeld and Nicholas Roerich, of Russia's best, are to be with us permanently unless conditions in Russia change very radically. (At least the American Legion so far has said nothing

about them as a menace to America's own.) Rollo Peters, too, has proved in the productions of "Madame Sand," "Josephine," and "Bonds of Interest," that he has sensitiveness and feeling for big spaces and creative use of colour, together with a background of experience in acting and direction. John Wenger has been known chiefly for those "interludes" of light and colour that he has staged for New York's moving-picture houses, but is available for legitimate work when it offers. One might add the names of Claude Bragdon, Maxwell Armfield and J. Blanding Sloan, and still not exhaust the list of those who have had part in bringing the principles of the new stagecraft into the professional theatre. Even then I have said nothing of the generation now getting their training and experience in the experimental productions of the amateur and semi-professional playhouses, whence most of these older men originally graduated.

The fifteen artists named form a promising company, and their interest in forwarding a stagecraft that is plastic, suggestive rather than merely representational, with excursions even into abstract use of line and colour, gives ample excuse for the existence of the label "new movement." That it is not merely a season's "flare" is attested by the fact that with the exception of Bragdon, Anisfeld and Roerich, all these artists were represented in the Exhibition of American Stage Designs at the Bourgeois Galleries three seasons ago. For six or seven years, indeed, most of these men have been making a steady uphill fight, and for several seasons at least some sort of group spirit has animated them. Which reminds me that I would not be writing this if a sixteenth artist had not come into the Broadway Theatre this year, with work that immediately places him in the group of professional decorators named. He is Ernest de Weerth, and he has designed all of the settings which are shown as illustrations herewith. Up to a month ago his designs were mostly on paper—although he did settings for Margaret Anglin's brief production of "The Trial of Joan of Arc" last spring and for "The Royal Fandango" at the Neighborhood Playhouse, and assisted Robert Locher (another artist who should have been mentioned earlier per-

The American Artist and the Stage

haps) during the summer in the mounting of the Greenwich Village Follies. His first complete important production, however, was Helen Freeman's November offering, "The Great Way," for which he designed five settings and fifty-odd costumes, with more than an average success. Incidentally, it may be of interest to know that in entrusting this production to Ernest de Weerth, Miss Freeman is not showing her first interest in the younger decorators; she was one of the committee of three non-decorators who organized the exhibition for the Bourgeois Galleries in 1919, and even before that she had indicated an understanding of plastic, suggestive staging during the short life of her Nine O'Clock Theatre.

But I wish to talk less here about current productions than about the circumstances that brought the painter into the theatre after many generations of overemphasis on play-writing and acting as the only creative branches of stage activity. As a matter of fact, the roots of the decorative movement in this country go back not so much to the sort of vision that stirs the younger artists today, as to a mere dissatisfaction with the artificial character of the settings in the romantic drama of the late Nineteenth Century. The desire then was merely for more "natural" settings rather than for more beautiful and more appropriate settings. Even that demand might alone have brought us to a *plastic* form of background in place of the contemporary painted-perspective mode—although hardly to the architectonic, simple, often atmospheric mode of today.

What really effected the change, in this country as in Europe, was the shift in attitude toward production which followed the revolutionary designing and pronouncements of Adolphe Appia and Gordon Craig. It was the voice of Craig that literally sounded around the world, declaring that we would never recover the glories of dramatic art until we understood again that the theatre was first of all a place for *seeing*; that as long as the written or spoken word came first, we would remain lost in the desert of half-articulate stage art. The playwright, the producer and the actor of that day had lost the visual sense of the theatre; and although Craig warned

against giving up the place to the painter, it was the painter who was most stirred by his plea, and it has been the painter who has brought the gifts of greatest worth to the stage in the quarter-century since.

Now the painter can be a nuisance in the theatre, as Craig foresaw. If he comes in and fails to become the artist of the theatre, fails to think in terms of movement, sound, light, colour, gesture, stage and auditorium, emotion projected to an audience, if he remains primarily the maker of easel pictures or of mural decorations, he is likely to be of more harm than good in theatre production. We have seen again and again that he may exploit his own talents at the expense of the dramatist and actor—so that the reactionaries have been able to point the finger of scorn, and with some justice, at many productions parading under the banner of the new movement. But nothing is more certain than that Craig's contention was founded on revolutionary fact, that his dictum has profoundly changed the whole modern conception of theatre art, that the artist with the painter's sense of visual values has been the leader during the last decade and is today feeling forward to a new art of the theatre more effectively than any other worker on the stage.

What the decorators have accomplished on the stage is this: they have exploded the assumption that theatre art is "alive" when playwright and actor have done their part, against any old kind of background; in the mounting of realistic plays they have driven out the absurd artificialities of painted perspective and flapping canvas walls on the one hand, and of the over-faithful, over-detailing "natural" set on the other, substituting something solidly substantial, simplified as a background should be, designed to play up and reinforce the action; and for the romantic drama they have developed a new and heretofore impossible accompaniment of visual beauty, investing the play with light, colour and atmosphere that round out the dramatist's intent while adding a legitimate dynamic appeal to the eye. As examples, think of "The Claw," "Heartbreak House," "Abraham Lincoln" and "Anna Christie" in the (more or less) realistic group; and in the romantic mode,

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"Richard III," "The Jest," and the best of Geddes', Rosse's and Urban's work for the opera companies—or "Liliom," where realistic and romantic curiously but beautifully meet. Can you imagine these productions being half so effective without the appeal of line, mass and colour made to "act," sometimes co-ordinately with, sometimes as a harmonious accompaniment to, the action and the acting?

Beyond this direct contribution out of his knowledge of the applicable principles of design, light and shade, and emotional use of colour, the decorator brought into the theatre again a sense of the value of unity in production, which in turn led to that theory of "synthetic production" which has been so often proclaimed by the "advanced" producers in the last three or four years. And when a production is said to have been "stylized," the reference is usually to stylization of a purely visual sort; the decorator or producer has imposed on the action a sort of pictorial unity, a distinctive style in the physical mounting, which gives the individual production a character different from that which could be achieved in anyone's else production of the same play. "The Jest" was thus stylized, as "Redemption" was; and certainly the much-discussed "Macbeth" as produced by Hopkins and Jones had stylization written all over it—except that this stylization failed to envelop the actor too.

If the painter has thus fitted out the current drama, realistic and romantic, with new garments more fitting and more beautiful than the old, he has already justified his coming into the theatre. But if we accept as true the dictum that the art of the theatre is first and unmistakably visual, the decorator should perhaps be able more easily than any other to discern those paths along which we must travel to find any distinctively different dramatic art of the future. It is fair to ask whether the artist in the American theatre has made any progress in discovering the direction of the next slope—and particularly whether his work forecasts anything comparable to the "modern art" movement in painting and sculpture. I think he has, and my own greatest interest in his work at present lies in those very rare productions and those occasional series of designs

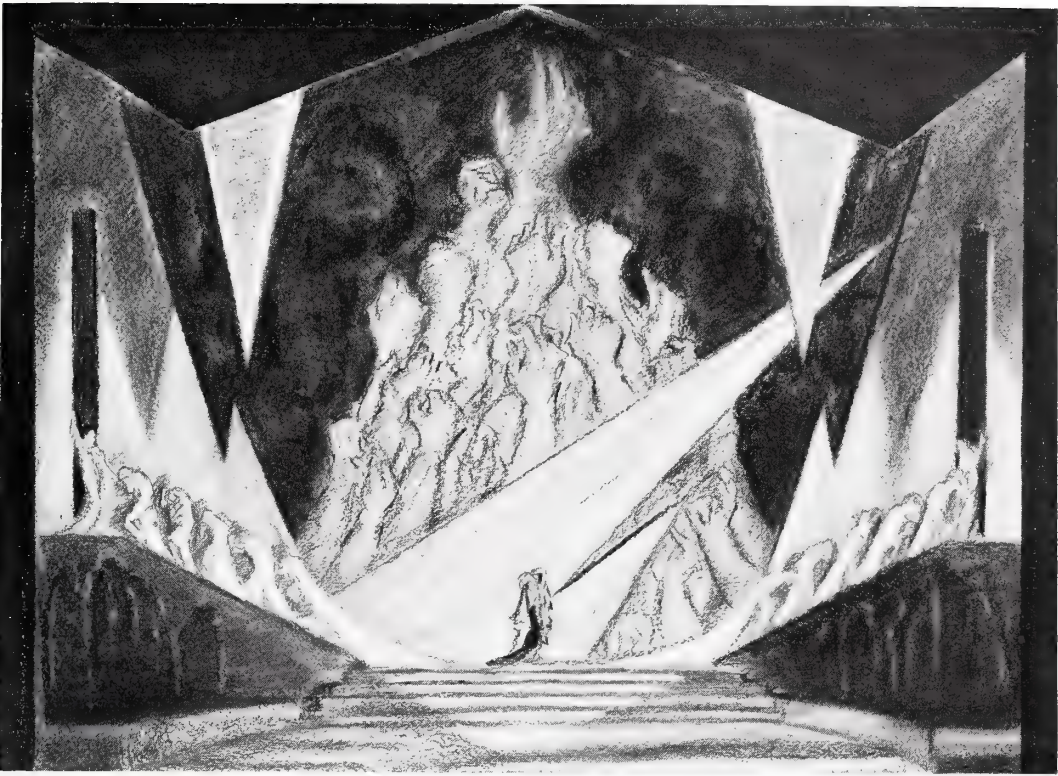
in which he embodies his—shall we say "wildest"?—visions.

In the first place I find among the younger decorators a notable similarity of opinion as to the probable form of the future stage: an architectural stage, a frankly theatrical stage, a plastic stage, a confessed platform for acting, with something reminiscent of the picture-frame proscenium retained, perhaps, as a mask for lighting; and then light, designed movement, pictorial rhythm, colour and line used emotionally rather than for the representation or suggestion of actuality: this to make articulate a story or legend out of the human soul and compact of emotion, with acting that is artificial, theatric, microcosmic, words that are expressive, musical, stripped of ornament—all these welded in a theatrical *form* that is a bridge from spirit to spirit. These may not be their words, but these, I believe, are pretty close to the things they are thinking, visioning.

That a different phase of the art of the theatre will come on the crest of the new spiritual wave now sweeping the world, I have no doubt; that it will interpret and make expressive that spirit, one may feel sure; it will probably be as different from present-day realism (dramatic journalism) as that realism is from the drama of Shakespeare or the Miracle-makers or the Greeks. A first characteristic will be an effort to get down to strata of life not touched before: to release the modern and eternal soul in forms æsthetically and dramatically moving. Its outward mark—and here is a definite parallel to the new art that is developing in painting, sculpture and (seldom American) architecture—will be a frank theatricality, a confessed employment of the means that are typically the theatre's, an abandonment of the realistic illusion, of photographic exactness, of representation of life as an end in itself.

Its content will not be life imitated, but life condensed, formalized, shaped into a performance through the intensification and liberation of emotion in theatric form—even though that intensification and liberation entail distortion of the outward aspects of nature. Instead of working along the surface of life, choosing character and incident with ever so

The American Artist and the Stage



Courtesy Theatre Arts Magazine

DESIGN FOR
THE TROJAN WOMEN

ERNEST DE
WEERTH

clever an eclecticism, the theatre must plunge into life, conscious and subconscious, outward act and inward feeling, body and soul, until it re-establishes contact with the essential religious and æsthetic bases of existence. It will thus become not representative, illustrative, descriptive, but expressive, presentative, creative.

Why, we may ask, must the decorator in the theatre be not only contributor but leader in evolving this art? Well, chiefly because the actor is impotent to do it, not having recovered from the devitalization of the last century: if he is successful he is exploiting his own individual personality, if not so successful he is probably filling a series of roles "in type." The one-time producer has been replaced by businessmen-managers (Arthur Hopkins noted as one exception); and the dramatist has conformed to the market and is

seduced by realism. The decorator remains—the most sensitive person in the theatre of today. That he must find dramatists to support him, and then to take the prime burden of creation from him, goes without saying, for he alone cannot make even half a theatre. But at present he is the man most likely to tip the beam in the new direction.

I might go on and mention concrete signs that he is already doing so: Jones projecting visually the emotion of dread or foreboding that hangs over the action of "Macbeth," distorting reality, merely intensifying by emotional use of line and colour the spiritual background, without suggesting actuality of time or place; or the remarkable "expressionist" backgrounds for "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," and the way in which the acting fitted into them; or Geddes' project for presenting "Dante" on a stage that would literally and

The American Artist and the Stage



STAGE
DESIGN

ERNEST DE
WEERTH

plastically look like Hell: and even in so small a matter as costuming, Picasso's attempt to dress a ballet abstractly, making the costumes emotional masks for the figures, just as the ordinary (or extraordinary) mask is for the face—displacing the commonplace and the personal for the creative, the designed, the nobly artificial. These are thrusts—not often coordinated—toward that art which will parallel the serious steps forward in music, painting, sculpture. And so far they are more important than any experiments so far made (or made articulate) by “modern” playwrights or actors. Yet it is all only a slightest beginning.

To come back from the future to the present, and from æsthetics to Broadway reali-

ties, it is true that the really forward-looking productions come but very rarely as yet, and that important new designers arrive only by ones and twos in any given season—and half of these, or more, turn out to be duds after the first flash—or worse, compromisers with commerce. It is necessary to use judgment in welcoming arrivals, even though one sees the very great need of encouragement to budding genius. Thus I am not fanning myself into any frenzy of excitement over Ernest de Weerth's settings, which happened to be the starting-point for this article. I am not even trying to blow a breath of life into the suggestion that in such an offering the current drama reaches its finest form. I prefer

The American Artist and the Stage

to recognize clearly that, from an ideal standpoint, de Weerth in several points betrays his inexperience, that both the play and the sets belong to the reformed old drama rather than to the new, that Miss Freeman's acting of the pivotal role (one might almost say "of the play") is founded on a virtuosity, albeit a very appealing and moving sort, that may be alien to the coming theatre. *But* in perspective there is very notable progress in this: a young man comes into the theatre and on his first big professional "job" accomplishes an accompaniment of setting and lighting that ten years ago would have seemed a miracle;

he brings along with him a portfolio of sketches so imaginative that they suggest entirely new vistas of beauty down which audiences may look in some different playhouse from ours; and he finds a professional actress who not only gives him a free hand pictorially in this one big production, but, if her plans for future productions do not fail, will grant him, and perhaps others like him, opportunity to try out practically those visions on which, perhaps, the development of the future or "modern" theatre depends. We have not, indeed, attained an ideal—but these are pretty good signs of solid progress toward it.



ACT IV
THE GREAT WAY

ERNEST DE
WEERTH

American Water Colours in Brooklyn



MOONLIGHT, MAINE

JOHN MARIN

AERICAN WATER COLOURS IN BROOKLYN BY HERBERT J. SELIGMANN

"Do you call those genteel little creatures American poets? Do you term that perpetual, pistareen, paste-pot work, American art, American drama, taste, verse? I think I hear, echoed as from some mountain top afar in the west, the scornful laugh of the Genius of these states."—*Walt Whitman*.

Every effort to make over a museum from a mausoleum into an experimental laboratory deserves commendation; not least when the old and the new, the "modern" and the "academic" are steeped in the acid of proximity to one another, so many inescapable objects ranged side by side, as are some three or four

hundred water colours by Americans this November and early December of 1921, in the Brooklyn Museum. For the object of the Brooklyn Museum's experiment, as of all true experiment, is faith.

It is therefore hardly beneath the dignity of full-fledged Americans to attend closely to a group of persons, some fifty or sixty men and women, who have devoted much of their time to seeing, the primary act of vision, and have transcribed in varying degrees of literalness the impress upon them of a coloured and colourful world.

One looks in vain for a mysterious immittance of the world in the resources Sargent employs. One feels the strong and clever hand, the experienced draftsman, but not a spirit far travelled in the realms of gold afforded by

American Water Colours in Brooklyn

water colour. Not from him shall we hear even the prelude to that final word which sets the stigma of humanity upon a medium, and makes men forsake it because they dread the height and depth in it that others have attained. As for Mr. Sargent's water colours being "scientifically true" to the "facts of vision," whatever they may be, there are many who have happened upon facts in heaven, earth and sea that Mr. Sargent wots not of. Luminous as water colour may be, there is more luminosity in many of the oil paintings by "Post-Impressionists"—of whose work this same John S. Sargent once wrote to the London "Nation" that he was "skeptical as to their having any claim whatever to being works of art"—than in the Chinese white-encrusted illustrations Sargent made of ships, sheiks, gourds and men. These have a vividness that makes them seem to possess the depth and substantiality which on closer inspection they are seen to lack—brilliant as they are, but illegitimate, vivid but hard as nails.

Others of the older men there are, whose work has much of the to-be-expected, if not of the trite.

Winslow Homer at first view and on repeated revisiting puts them all to shame, he is more "modern" than they, having perhaps had less of "arty" nonsense in mind and concerning himself more exactly with the matter in hand, namely water colour and the spaces and objects that Adirondack or Bahaman scenes presented to his eye. There is little music in Homer but there is directness, even depth and salt-breezy lucidness.

We pass in this so light and spacious room to the farther end, where is what may be had of youth. Perhaps the old-young and young-old may complain to the museum director of inadequate representation of their work. For one or two among the young, there is ground for regret, more especially for Mary Rogers and Dodge Macknight, also Charles Demuth. Their personalities are exhibited, not in any case in their farthest reaches. Georgia O'Keeffe is not represented at all. One passes by Davies's dabs at figures in a silence that is almost shamed. Man Ray's three landscapes show the fine worker, he is a tapestry maker who shows up the emptiness of Pren-

dergast, opposite, he is vibrant but one wonders where is Man Ray's wash. Demuth is here, in flower and tree trunk, finely harmonious and exact in line, his color subdued to sotto voce. But Demuth has neither dead spots nor sloppiness. He is there complete, such as he is; and such as he are all too rare, though more often met with than the dangerous explorer and the maker of affirmations. Even Dodge Macknight, larger in gesture and more a creature of out-of-doors, is less musical, less fine and exact with himself than is Demuth, and is more addicted to the casual and the unpremeditated in the setting down.

The end of the room is reached. Mary Rogers, frail and fresh, who died too soon, faces a wall of John Marin. Hers was a slight promise unhappily to remain unachieved. It is idle now to speculate on depths she might have found in herself, when the talk is of John Marin.

The wall seems to fall away and a great music is being made. Here is one who is not preoccupied with what Marsden Hartley has called the "how" of mediocre painting. The people linger before Marin, troubled or curious. After all, water colour is not dead and all painters have not lost faith. Marin is kin to Winslow Homer only he is greater. Here too are spaces illimitably large, all the larger for being contained in the chosen rectangle. He has not been afraid of the vagaries of wash, of colour running over his paper as light travels over a landscape. One knows that he has lived out-of-doors, in light. Marin has the mastery and the mystery of it and it is in every one of these fourteen water colours. To Marin nature has a voice, many voices even to the snapping of a wind, the crystal stillness that lies in moonlight, and murk, real murk of the atmosphere that Marin has translated in colour. Why is it one thinks almost inevitably of music before these Marins, seems to hear the thunderous crash of those earth-brown bars laid over the face of *Stonington, Maine, 1920*? Each Marin water colour seems to have its complement of sound, perhaps because the eye has been set free and the spirit summons the other senses for evidence that shall match and corroborate what

American Water Colours in Brooklyn

is going on here. Here are restless movement and implacable form, of the substance of that constant and sustained movement inside a compass greater than that of the moment, to be found in a fugue of Bach, a symphony of Beethoven. Marin has a polyphony no less than theirs. Within limits of his medium he has found and used all of its elements, of drawing in its finest delicacies, of flat and faint washes modulated in their precise vaguery, of the deep tone and accent with dryness of colour that moves like a pedal point with a weighty sobreness and sobriety found only in men too serious for petty distraction.

Many of Marin's phases are represented. The early Marin who knew the poetry of his medium and used it lightly, almost in caricature of his mother nature, has deepened, solidified. Only one of the water colours by which he is represented dates so far back as 1914, and that one, *The Little Boat, Maine, 1914*, dares a white expanse of paper over tossing seas, beyond the brilliant rocks of foreground. This at last is worthy of our laboratory. Marin is not afraid of white paper with its suggestiveness of grain and texture: if the eye moves into his scene and the imagination proceeds farther into a realm where the given narrative in lines and washes evokes a sort of harmonics of reminiscence, always as finely held in control as the harmonics thrown from a lightly touched violin string—if Marin's *The Little Boat, Maine, 1914*, accomplishes this for the spectator, that spectator can then proceed closer, myopically close, and examine every detail of Marin's workmanship with the delight that is often reserved for the admirer and the lover of fine prints and engravings. Marin has added to his resources in colour sensitiveness the mastery of line manifest in his etchings. Not any of the vaunted etcher-water colourists whose work is shown can equal him.

Only one other of these Marins is as ancient even as 1918. The remaining dozen are all of what are so evidently the productive two years, 1919 and 1920. *Mountain Shapes and Sky, Hoosic Mountains, 1918*, is less the violin harmonic, it has bass viol in it, massive hills build themselves to a sun-glow that hangs upon the horizon and is falling

in various inclinations from the sky beyond the frame. Here the orchestra is more fully at work, as it is again with wood wind and strings in *Tree Forms, Maine, 1919*, delectable spaces being given not only to trees and gleaming sward but to a swing of light sky behind. That year, 1919, brought forth as well the amazing *Red Sunburst and Moonlight, Maine*, antithesis, the two, in man's experience of the silver stillness of night, a moon and sail, and whiteness on hills, sky and waters giving them the quality of formal lyric; and that fierce blaze over the brow of hill and dull waters that betokens the advent of fiery day when day's coming is memorable and the retina has been scorched with splendor.

It is Marin's whimsy and invention that gives these coloured papers life, that invests *Moving Showers, Stonington, Maine, 1914*, with rain and the uncertain mood of shower. Marin has schooled himself to no one's taste but his own, he smears or draws a pencil line across the surface of a harbour, brings out and deepens the form of a great and green pine tree with heavy charcoal accents, uses the trivial of triangles, sombrely incised with dryish colour, to make a poem of *Boats, Blue and Yellow*. There is a strong wind blowing, as Marin's title says it is, in *Little Boat, Sea and Wind, Maine, 1919*, the wind is there shimmering, giving that tremble to the very atmosphere over an iron sea and its livid horizon. Fresh, clean, free and powerful, are words one can use of Marin, tasting of them and their significance with no fear that at any point his delicacy or joyousness will belie them.

Marin, then, and an expressed faith which is Marin's and may by contagion of the eye become that of other people as well, emerges surely and magnificently in this experiment conducted by the Brooklyn Museum. The directors of the Museum are to be congratulated for it, despite lapses and omissions, for it is an earnest of the time when museums will become places of resort of eager, inquiring and relentlessly active spirits, determined upon extracting to its last drop the quintessence of living expressiveness that is recorded and stored up for them by the spirits of finest and most mysterious flower.



THE WAY OF THE CROSS

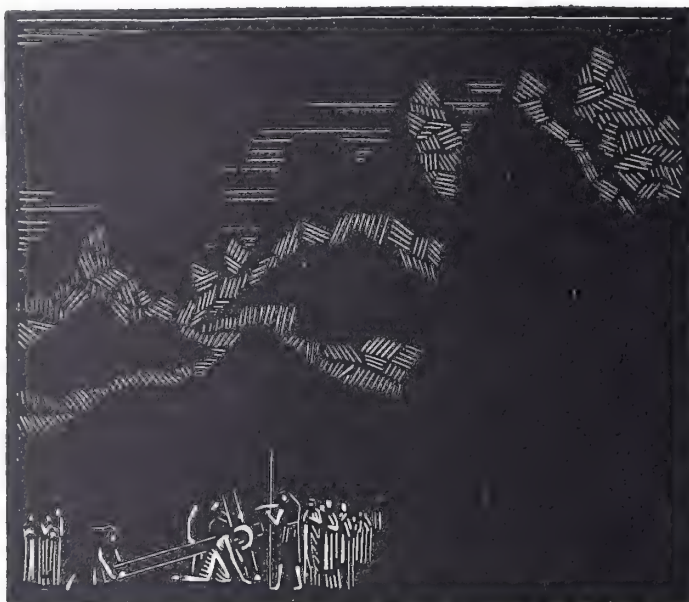
FOURTEEN WOODCUTS BY
JOHN J. A. MURPHY



I
JESUS
IS CONDEMNED TO DEATH



V
SIMON OF CYRENE HELPS
JESUS TO CARRY THE CROSS



VII
JESUS
FALLS THE SECOND TIME



XI
JESUS
IS NAILED TO THE CROSS



XII
JESUS
DIES UPON THE CROSS



XIV
THE BODY OF JESUS
IS LAID IN THE TOMB

On the Decorative Arts

ON THE DECORATIVE ARTS BY HANNA TACHAU

THIS past year the celebration of the landing of the Pilgrims, three hundred years ago, gave opportunity to zealous patriots to unfurl spirited flags at historic pageants, to visit hallowed shrines, to give lustre to the names of the sturdy little band who first settled here. But it did more, it stimulated enormously an interest in the furniture of America's early days, a time when we had a word to say of our very own. That word was not accounted much until the Centennial Exposition of 1876, before which everything had to be "imported" to challenge attention.

But the idea that the country is barren of art traditions is quickly dispelled when one glances through Wallace Nutting's book "Furniture of the Pilgrim Century" (publishers Marshall Jones Co., Boston), containing one thousand hitherto unpublished photographs. One feels at once not only the vitality and strength of these early pieces, but the revealing character of the Pilgrims themselves, who produced designs that were vigorous yet executed with a certain finesse, whose hands knew the cunning of refined ornament and whose brains were capable of conceiving motifs that were exactly suited to the structural design. These early craftsmen, cast upon their own resources, like real Robinson Crusoes, were forced to utilize the materials ready at hand, and this use of native woods, with the modifications of foreign styles that naturally follow the exigencies of local and individual requirements, is the basis of identification between the early American pieces and those of foreign make. The term "Colonial" is a ready epithet spoken only too glibly to cover those pieces veiled in doubt. It is even sometimes applied to the late Empire style. But to quote Mr. Nutting, "Nothing is Colonial that follows 1776, and so far as concerns those who desire to be correct, the Colonial name should not be applied to any furniture later than Chippendale."

The Bolles collection presented by Mrs. Russell Sage to the Metropolitan Museum, represented at that time the finest examples of

this early furniture that had been gotten together, but since then, through the awakened interest of collectors, many fine pieces have been brought to light and fine collections have followed. Perhaps our tendency towards greater simplicity—a simplicity not shorn of domestic comforts, but rather the eliminating of the over-elaborate—has focussed the attention of a number of furniture lovers upon these simpler types. The same feeling that impels us to seek and restore early Colonial houses and make them habitable urges our desire for early furniture, and when we cannot possess an environment that is altogether true to type, we create adaptations of the old that seem to many of us to fulfil our present-day needs. This pertains especially to country houses. The eighteenth century masters—Chippendale, Sheraton, Heppelwhite and the Brothers Adam—have for some time been the arbiters who influenced the style of our home making, and indeed their ideas seem rarely fitted to our mode of living; but there are those who crave something less suave for their country houses—furniture and utensils that bring living to simpler, plainer terms, and lift the burden of a more complicated menage.

The connoisseur covets those very early chests made in Connecticut with carved panels in sunflower, tulip and palm designs, or the Hadley chests with their crude, all-over patterns. Even more rare are the precious little Pilgrim Chests and Desk Boxes on Frames which were the masterpieces of the cabinet maker's art of that day, fashioned for the pure love of his craft. The same impulse that brought these delightful little pieces into existence also evolved the large chest of drawers known as Highboys, which were simply chests of drawers on legs. They are as practical a piece of furniture today as they were when they were first made to fill a special need. Indeed, all of our early furniture was the product of urgent necessity, each piece being designed for a specific space to function for a specific purpose, and that is why it possesses such rare charm and an individuality which is so significant.

After chests and beds, chairs and tables were given early consideration, and the development of the various types is a never-

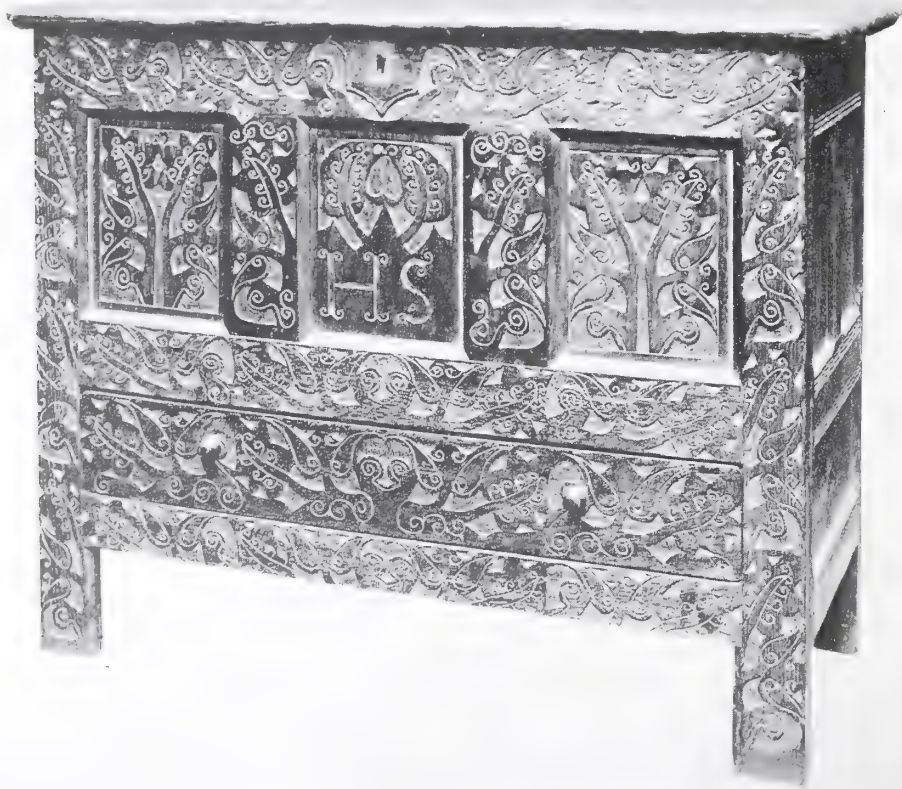
On the Decorative Arts

ending source of interesting study. Naturally, the new world did not offer the same feeling of permanency in home building as did the old, and in consequence the permanent table was the product of an established civilisation. Those with folding contrivances, chair tables that could be moved about and made to do duty for both table and chair, gate-legged tables and the very simple form of boards and trestles were of the more popular type.

The very sturdy Wainscot, Carver and Brewster chairs make their appeal as distinctive examples of craftsmanship, but only the zealous collector can hope to own one. The Windsor, Slat-back and Bannister-back chairs can be more readily had for the seeking and they can command an environment a bit less crude. Keen interest in pine cupboards has lately been awakened, and Mr. Nutting has

offered a rich field for study in his book. He presents the quaint little pieces of humble mien that add so much to the real home feeling to a house, as well as the finest examples of domed cupboards with their beautiful carving upon capital and cornice.

The subject of Colonial hardware also merits our deep attention and we are here given a splendid opportunity of becoming acquainted with this craft in having placed before us so vividly and frankly the various examples of hinges and fastenings and fire-place appurtenances that the Colonists so happily conceived and wrought. The simplicity and directness of their designs not only fit the material from which they are fashioned, but they exactly fulfill their mission as well, and it makes us blush for the ugly hardware that we tolerate in so many of the houses of today.



ONE-DRAWER
HADLEY CHEST

COLLECTION MR.
BROOKS REED, BOSTON

On the Decorative Arts



ROOM WITH XVIII
CENTURY FURNITURE

WALLS IN
OLD PINE

When we review the various arts, especially this very early furniture, and follow its development, say for a century and a half, we feel without prejudice that there was an era in our history when the decorative arts were the real expression of its people, and that no chance happening produced the craftsmanship of Paul Revere, nor the more beautiful flowering of Stuart, Sully and Copley.

Of the various exhibits at the Art Center—the new home that is to shelter a number of organizations representative of the practical and decorative arts—the textile display calls for special attention.

Things made by hand will always be undertaken by a few artists whose love of beauty must find some form of expression, but unfortunately these rare pieces can not carry a universal message to those who need it most. Democracy in art can only be assured when beauty becomes an inherent part of the things we use and see in our daily life. This can be brought about only through the intelligent co-operation of the artist with the machine.

In this exhibition, the H. R. Mallinson

Company shows the designs of two clever craftsmen, Martha Ryther and Hazel B. Slaughter. The former is represented by the original sketch in colour for a batik design which she carries to completion in the finished product.

The processes of block printing on chiffon is also shown, beginning with the coloured sketch by Hazel B. Slaughter, whose design appears upon six wooden blocks, each cut for printing a different colour. These designs are essentially suited to the material and lend themselves well to varied colour combinations. Cheney Brothers show some exquisite stuffs each with a repeat two and a half yards long.

Harry Wearne is a craftsman whose patterns are based upon a wide knowledge of the best designs that the centuries have handed down. He works directly with the manufacturer and together they come to an understanding of what they want. Then Mr. Wearne develops his design, making new essays in colour and form upon various textures and fabrics, and gets very interesting and sometimes beautiful results. However, he sends his designs for hand-blocked linens and cotton fabrics to England to be printed.



Courtesy American Art News

"PORTRAIT OF A MAN"
BY FRANZ HALS
(COLLECTION JOHN MCCORMACK)

STUDIO-TALK

IN general, things are beginning to wake up. The most important event of the month is undoubtedly the Brooklyn Exhibition of Water-colours. This is discussed elsewhere by Mr. Seligmann. In asking Mr. Seligmann to write the article, I knew that his criticism of individuals would not be lenient, but of the importance of holding such an exhibition at this time, there can be no doubt.

The exhibition bears out what was here written in the August issue. There is no American School, but several individuals of the first water. In particular it showed that the majority of painters who use the medium neither understand it nor respect it. That a picture should be awarded the Philadelphia Water-colour Prize, yet look for all the world like a pastel, shows what scant respect the medium receives from those whose business it is to uphold and foster it. Until this state of affairs is changed, we shall not make much progress. And the way to change matters is to show what a real water-colour looks like. Brooklyn had led the way. Some enterprising museum or private gallery should now get together an international exhibition of the finest water-colours the world has produced, giving first consideration to purity of technique. Such an exhibition would do an immense amount of good.

The fine Hals reproduced opposite is from the collection of Count Zamoyski. It has recently been brought to this country, and is now in the collection of John McCormack.

Anne Goldthwaite's exhibition at the Brummer Galleries established her as a painter of very considerable charm. I use the word "charm" in the most agreeable and complimentary sense. Her canvases have a quiet strength, usually lacking in work of her genre. For the most part she chooses Southern scenes, but unlike the majority of those who essay a colourful country, her colour is always restrained. There is no flamboyancy about her work, but a charming intimacy. She is a very original spirit.

The Mary Rogers exhibition at Dudensing's will strengthen her growing reputation. There is no doubt that in her death we lost a water-colourist who would have gone far. She had a natural aptitude for the medium, although her adoption of it was due, not to inclination, but to force majeure. She herself had given all her study to oils and would probably never have changed, had not circumstances taken from her the necessary leisure which oil-painting demands. The water-colours were dashed off on Sunday afternoons and in the two weeks of the summer vacation. As an example of the difficulties under which she worked: there is a set of autumn landscapes, seven in all, a really fine group. These were all painted in one day, the only chance she had of painting autumn tints. When one takes these things into consideration her success is the more astonishing.

Henry Wight, at the Ehrich Galleries, presents the extraordinary case of a highly imaginative man, all of whose energy has been absorbed in business, with no art training, yet feeling the necessity of self-expression, and despite all drawbacks, succeeding. It must first be admitted that he had from the start a sense of composition. His earliest work is tight and formal, slightly primitive, but beautifully composed. But his imagination was not to be curbed by any long apprenticeship. He forthwith plunged headlong into fairyland and returns now with his arms full of fairies. In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand such a course would have been disastrous. It is Mr. Wight's distinction to be the thousandth. He has, as it were, taken as his theme the mist and out of it has woven figures, floating with a sweeping rhythm through space. Thus his monotypes. In his oil paintings he seems to have taken the grain of his panel as a basis and woven fancies out of it. A delicate art, and delightful for its very lack of pretension.

For vivid contrast, Rubin and Kolnik! No delicate fancy here, but vivid reality. Rubin is oppressed by the sufferings of humanity. He has seen suffering, and knows it. He has seen famine in Europe and its horrors have

Studio Talk

burnt into his brain. He would be an apostle, if he were not an artist, albeit an artist whose hand ever lays behind his brain. He has the burning fire of van Gogh, but not, alas, his power. But he will go on and who knows . ? His canvases give one little pleasure, they were not designed to do that. A few, like the *Temptation in the Desert* here reproduced, satisfy by their masterly handling of forms. But the man absorbs me. Will the fire consume him, or will he master it? I take comfort in his own declaration of optimism. "Do you see that woman?" he asked me, "she is trying to hold me back, but I shall go on. That is not pessimism. And do you not see those flowers springing up out of the grave?"

There is no hint of all this in Derujinsky. I am not sure that it was wise of him to give a one-man show yet. Yet I know that I am in the minority. I do not admire his portraits. To me they are lifeless. His success

is in his small statuettes, which are less sculpture than illustrations in plaster and bronze. He is a linear artist. But the *Leda* is undoubtedly an achievement. It is beautifully composed, and exhibits qualities which the other sculptures lack. Had I seen this work alone I would have said, "Here is a great man."

Mr. Kraushaar has made a find in Van Vleet Tompkins. Here is a young man who should go far. Even this small exhibition shows how extraordinary has been his progress. From *The Third Day* to *The White Bowl* and *Landscape*. The *Landscape* shows most promise. It is dynamic and strong throughout, carrying the eye far back. *The White Bowl* is an achievement. It would grace any collection. Mr. Kraushaar remarked that he found in it some of the qualities of the later Twachtman, the same extreme delicacy of colour, combined with the same strength.



Courtesy Anderson Galleries

THE TEMPTATION
IN THE DESERT

OIL PAINTING
BY RUBIN



LEDA

GLEB DERUJINSKY



LANDSCAPE

JEAN METZINGER

My knowledge of early American painting is too slight to allow me to comment at length on the exhibition which Knoedlers have collected. But I have persuaded Mr. Winfred Porter Truesdell to write about Early American Art from time to time, as the spirit moves him.

The ubiquitous and irrepressible Louis Bouché is now running an exciting show at the Belmaison Gallery, Wanamaker's. As I write it is not yet opened.

It is gratifying to note that the home of the Bible Society, reproduced in a recent issue, has been awarded a prize by the Fifth Avenue Association.

It is useless to complain, the exhibition of the New Society is qualitatively the best annual exhibition held in these parts. When all has been said against the individual members—and much could and should be said—the standard is pretty high.

There is much to be said in favour of group exhibition. They at least are honest. All exhibiting bodies tend to fall into the hands of cliques and outsiders are invited to compete for prizes which they do not stand one chance in a thousand of winning. The values thus created are entirely false. In a group exhibition such as the New Society this element is eliminated. The pictures and sculpture represent a selection of the work of given painters and sculptors. You may take them or leave them.

Taking the catalogue one may begin with Bellows. Two portraits. The first is the least satisfactory of the group of four shown during the last year, the *Portrait of My Mother*. The other is the *Portrait of Katharine Rosen*, which contains fine passages, but lacks the directness of the *Old Lady in Black*. Both hands and head are poorly modelled, and the composition as a whole lacks distinction. It is not wrought of one piece throughout.

Robert Chanler has done better screens, as I shall hope to show in a later issue.

Studio Talk.



TAOS
PLASTERER

ERNEST L.
BLUMENSCHIEIN

Paul Dougherty's *Battacock Cove* is imposing, but I find no life in his forms.

Randall Dancy displays a surprising boyishness. He is too close to illustration, but his design is fresh. Vide *Buffalo Dancer*.

Dubois! A year ago I set a seal of silence on my lips. Dubois is a vulgarian, but clever—

Frieseke and Glackens—true to form. The latter almost entirely submerged in Renoir.

Halpert. A splendid interior, one of the best things in the show and with real feeling for colour. Composition slightly marqué.

Hassam—nothing of importance. Etchings. Henri's *Helen*. Beautiful modelling.

Kent (a landscape), Kroll (which is it to be?), Lever . . . I wonder what Lever is doing. Lever feels that there is something in the air. He studies Marin, he studies the post

impressionists. Now forget them, Lever.

Lie, Lawson, Luks . . . Luks' *Joy of Living* will improve when the nose cools. A nose to Luks is like a red rag to a bull.

McFee grows. Cézanne is the master, McFee, not Derain.

Melchers has evidently repainted an old canvas, *Easter Sunday*. It is still beautiful. So is his pastel, *Mother and Child*.

I have arranged to publish a set of Myers' drawings. He is a draughtsman.

With Mcknight not showing, Joseph Pennell has the field of water-colour to himself. He has essayed a difficult task, that of painting the downtown skyline from a Brooklyn window. Good luck to him.

Perrine and Prendergast are essentially decorators, Sloan a draughtsman.

Studio Talk

I reproduce Speicher's *Southern Slav*. No comment is necessary. I rate it very high.

Albert Sterner never reaches in oils the level of his drawings, but the head of his *Hari Govind Govril* is superbly modelled.

Maurice Sterne is at Bali still. I was disappointed to see no sculpture by him. In this field the highlights are Calder's *Scratching Her Heel*, Hunt Diederick's splendid *Portrait of Mrs. Albert Sterner*, and Lachaise's *Peacocks*.

On the whole, then, a good showing. I missed Boardman Robinson's drawings and

noted on the list of members several who should be kept up to the mark, Paul Bartlett, Emil Carlsen, Charles Grafty, Paul Manship and Dodge Macknight. The addition of these men would add considerably. At present the print and water-colour room is weak.

Disregarding the print room, there are 287 exhibits at the winter academy, but the high lights are few, very few. The general level is low. It is useless to blame the jury and hanging committee. They doubtless did their best with available material (though I fail to



PORTRAIT OF
HARI GOVIND GOVRIL

ALBERT
STERNER



SOUTHERN
SLAV

EUGENE
SPEICHER

Studio Talk

see why the dullest canvases should adorn the best gallery). But it is none the less a shame that the one exhibition which draws a crowd (excluding the Independents), should not contain the best painters, even of the academic school. I am not interested in art politics, and I have no desire to join in any squabble, but so long as we have an academy which retains popular prestige, it should be supported.

I am pleased that Blumenshein should be honoured. He is a very solid painter, and both his canvases stand out. His elimination of the third dimension is, I hope, not definitive.

Seyffert again with a strong portrait, *Ninety Years Old*. The body a little sketchy, but the head powerful.

Max Bohm's *Norsemen* is a tour de force. I like it. Beside me some one remarked, "I don't think those figures were posed."

Emil Carlsen has founded a still-life school. The real thing is a joy, but Heaven protect us from moonshine!

Rittenberg's *Joseph Hartley* is deuced clever and leaves a better taste than most of his work.

Frieseke's *Autumn* is an amazing stunt. Was it worth doing? I wonder. I am reminded of Shelley: "One would have said her body thought."

I took a sneaking delight in Armin Hansen's *Anchorage*.

Is Abraham Poole's *Miss Virginia* a copy? Or is Mr. Poole a primitive? I like his directness.

Mr. John Lane of London needs no introduction. Ipsen has achieved an extraordinary likeness. The whole posture is extremely characteristic, though that made composition difficult.

Eugene Higgins' *Spent* is not one of his best, but stands out.

Of the sculpture I was most impressed by Alice Morgan Wright's tiny *Lady Macbeth* in the print room. It is splendid, and achieved seemingly out of nothing. Bravo!



NORSEMEN

MAX BOHM



MR. JOHN LANE
OF LONDON

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Book Reviews

a series of monographs on American artists, of which this is the first. But . . .

There are a few things which need to be said at the outset and with no lack of emphasis. I have already expressed myself with some force to Louis Bouché and trust that this will reach the other parties concerned.

First, the format is as bad as it could possibly be. I do not know whether there is any technical name for a book which measures 14x10 inches. If not, we might name it a "white elephant." It must be remembered that this is, we hope, the first of a series, and no one wishes to have to build special shelves to house it. 10x7 inches would be ample for all purposes. This should be remedied in the next volume, oblivious of uniformity. Next, the violet rule around the type body is most obnoxious, and the cut-out at the foot of each page very annoying. The type face is squat and ugly and the ink used in the printing of the half-tones so black that all the colour values are lost. Anyone unfamiliar with Henri's work would get the impression that he covered the greater part of his canvases with tar.

As regards the arrangement of matter, this might be improved in several particulars. The illustrations should be arranged in some kind of sequence and the dates, owners and size appended. Further, an exhaustive list of paintings is an essential in this kind of book, the value of which is largely dependent on its use as a work of reference.

Altogether it cannot be said that the first volume is a success. Messrs. Boni & Liveright are enterprising publishers, but some of their enterprise might be directed to finding a manufacturing man who understands the making of a book.

THE STREET OF FACES. Glimpses of Town. By Charles Vince. Drawings by J. D. M. Harvey. E. P. Dutton & Company. Large 8vo. \$5.00.

Town is of course London. The book an unimportant, but delightful series of studies of the London Streets, written by an incorrigible wanderer. It is thus to the lover of London that these slight sketches are dedicated and he will not fail to find enjoyment in them.

It was the illustrations however which drew my attention to the book. These are pencil sketches, reproduced in collotype. I recommend this process to American publishers. Collotype is not suited to every kind of illustration, but for pencil work it could not be bettered. Especially delightful are *The Gates of London* and *Pierre Loti and Kensington Gardens*. The expense of collotype lies in the make-ready. If the run is a fair length it is not much dearer than half-tone, with the great advantage that the impression is much softer and the screen is lost. A well-made book!

THE LIVING ARTS. A portfolio reflecting the literary and artistic taste of our time. No. I. New York. Condé Nast. Published six times a year. \$3.00 per copy. Subscription \$15.00 per annum.

Gradually one becomes inured to the experience of welcoming newcomer after newcomer into one's field only to see them disappear after a few hectic issues, or, if they stay awhile, lose their freshness and vigour and go the way of all art magazines. In the last year there have been *The Art Review*, *The Gargoyle*, *Broom*, and now *The Living Arts*. Now both the latter have something to say, so the welcome is quite spontaneous (no copy of *Broom* has been sent me so I cannot give particulars).

The Living Arts is ambitious, a good sign. It is lavish, which is still better, if the where-withal be provided. Here are the contents of the first number: A French play by André Suarès. Poems by Paul Valéry and Jean Cocteau. *L'Art au Théâtre* by Henri Bidou. Charles Péquin by Elie Faure. The Landscapes of the Early Painters by Gabriel Mourey. *Despian* by Waldemar George. *Premier Menuet for the Piano* by Erik Satie. Colour-plates of work by Soudeikin, Charles Péquin, Sano di Pietro. Other work reproduced in offset, rotogravure, and wood-block. Altogether a balanced fare. The reproductions are uniformly excellent.

To only one thing do I take exception. A better type face should have been selected. I recommend to the publishers Goudy's "Alpha-bet."

Good luck and a long life.



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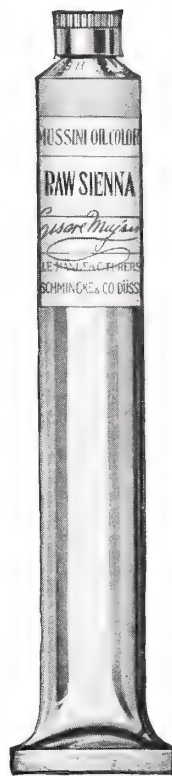
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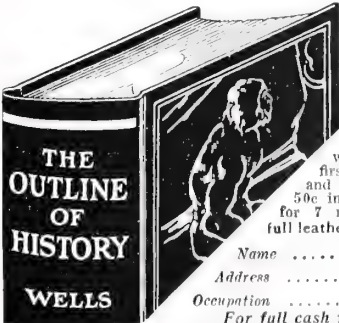
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from the art museums of our city "makes all the difference in the world" to our teachers, and I wish that you might believe, as I do, that the art work, the work in drawing and design, in all the schools of our country should center around its art museums. . . .

There is no danger, I am sure, of our museums growing weary of well-doing, even if the end seems far away, and it is well to remember that those who are most interested in our wares are not generally our next-door neighbors, and because this is so, I entreat you not to forget those schools which happen to be situated near the rim of your circle of influence. And this, too, must we remember and act upon accordingly, that it is in the children's world rather than that of the old folks that we should work most zealously.

FRANK H. COLLINS.

MINNEAPOLIS

ACCESSIONS.

The Upper Ipswich River, Phillip Little
Portrait of a Man, Samuel F. B. Morse
(Governor Palmer of Vermont)

Group of Three Girls, H. Bebie
Moonlight, Mueller
Landscape, Asher B. Durand
Autumn Landscape, Homer D. Martin
Bay of Naples, Volpe
Market Scene, Pietro Gabrini
St. Anthony the Hermit, Jose Ribera
Italian Girl, Grace McKinstry
Two Flower Pieces,

Italian XVIII Century

ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE WORK OF LOCAL ARTISTS

For the past six years The Minneapolis Institute of Arts has held each fall an exhibition of the work of Minneapolis Artists. This fall, in planning for the Seventh Annual Exhibition, it seemed wise to extend its scope to include artists residing in St. Paul as well as in Minneapolis.

A tonic quality of freshness and vigour is evident throughout. Perhaps it is a privilege of a young community to be free from the slow and laboured efforts which sometimes mark local exhibitions in older cities, but whatever the cause, the result is admirable. Inspiration has been drawn from many sources and there is no one adjective or phrase except that already mentioned, which could properly be applied to more than a small group of the paintings. One sees the influence of many schools and many artists, but combined with the radical tendencies are certain healthy elements of conservatism that always serve to stabilize and keep painting within the boundaries of common sense. Some of the more ambitious efforts do not, perhaps, quite achieve their ideal conception but that

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the effort was courageously and honestly made is a fact that must clearly be taken into account.

For the first time in several years money prizes were offered for the best work in three groups. In painting the awards were \$100.00 for the first place, \$50.00 for the second place and honourable mention for the third place, while in the two other groups, sculpture, and prints, etchings and drawings, \$50.00 was awarded for the first place and honourable mention for the second. Mrs. Frances Cranmer Greenman won the highest award with her vigorous portrait of *A Pioneer Mother*, an intense characterization, original in colour and composition, of an old woman worn and hardened by long years of struggle but still looking calmly ahead with a determination to overcome all obstacles. It is brilliant in colour and is painted with a sureness of touch that only an experienced artist can command. More sober in character is Miss Caroline Gilbert's head of a young woman *Ruth* to which the second prize was given. This, also a portrait, has a quiet personal feeling and great delicacy of subdued colour, which contrasting with the black of the background, gives the portrait great carrying power and at the same time reveals the instinctive decorative sense of the artist. Other examples of Miss Gilbert's work show her imagination and fine sense of selection. The *Nude with a Blue Hat* by E. Dewey Albinson, a former pupil of the Minneapolis School of Art, received honorable mention for its successful handling of a difficult composition, for the beauty of its flowing line and for its restrained colour.

Other painters represented were: Mrs. Gertrude Burnes, Harry W. Rubins, Knute Heldner, Elsa L. Jerome, Carl W. Rawson; Sculptors John Daniels and Ben Anderson. S. Chatwood Burton and C. W. van Ness, print makers.

MONTCLAIR ART MUSEUM

At a recent meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Montclair Art Museum Mrs. Henry Lang supplemented former munificent gifts to the museum with a gift of \$10,000 to form a nucleus of an endowment fund which that institution is raising.

From the middle of November until January 3rd inclusive, there will be an Exhibition of Architecture and the Allied Arts at the museum.

The exhibition is in the capable hands of the architect, Mr. W. E. Moran, who will be assisted by an able committee of New York and New Jersey Architects; the exhibition promises to be an important one.

December in the Galleries

(Continued from second page cover)

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<i>Sketch,</i>	Charles Conder
<i>Mrs. Dalrymple,</i>	Dante Gabriel Rossetti
<i>Man's Head,</i>	Augustus E. John
<i>Cliffs,</i>	Childe Hassam
<i>Landscape,</i>	Thomas Gainsborough
<i>Landscape,</i>	Claude Lorrain
<i>Portrait Study,</i>	William Rothenstein
<i>Bathing the Baby,</i>	William Orpen
<i>Tobias and the Angel,</i>	Rembrandt van Ryn
<i>Sketch of a Beggar,</i>	Jacques Callot
<i>Pernicious Dream,</i>	John Flaxman
<i>Horse and Two Jockeys</i>	H. G. E. Degas
<i>Siamese Dancers,</i>	Auguste Rodin
<i>Heads,</i>	Goya
<i>Labourers,</i>	J. L. Forain
<i>Cats,</i>	A. T. Steinlen
<i>Mother and Child,</i>	Mary Cassatt
<i>Boys Bathing,</i>	Max Liebermann
<i>Old Woman,</i>	Paul Garvanni
<i>Distant Oxford,</i>	Muirhead Bone
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<i>Four Corners of the World Bringing Treasures to Britannia,</i>	Benjamin West

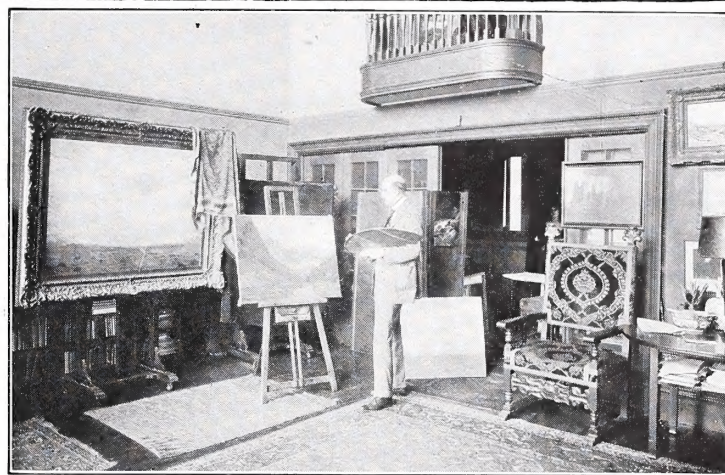
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Paintings

Panel painting, *Mary Magdalen*, by Simone Martini, Museum Appropriation.

Oil painting, *Portrait of Two Brothers*, by John Arnold, gift of Mrs. E. L. Springer.

Oil painting, *The Orange Bowl*, by Anna S. Fisher, gift of the Council of the National Academy of Design administering the H. W. Ranger Estate Fund.



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